

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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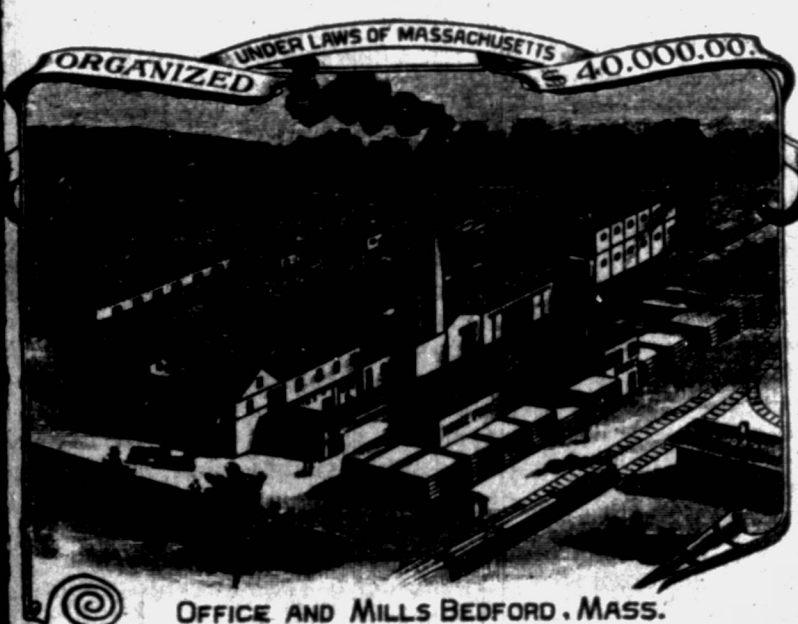
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ARLINGTON

ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

=Don't miss the Columbian Bazaar, on Thursday and Friday of next week.

=This evening the C. T. A. B. Society has its first annual dance in Town Hall.

=Arlington appears to be a favorite resort for sleighing parties.

=Post 36 honors the memory of Comrade Gen. R. B. Hayes to-day by placing its flag at half mast.

=Post 36 and Corps 43 hold their regular meetings next Thursday, afternoon and evening.

=The Addison Gage Ice Co. has been storing ice from Spy Pond this week. Handsomer ice was never cut.

=There are signs of movement on the waters of the rather small political sea of Arlington. The "office is seeking the man" as usual, we presume.

=The slight moderation in the temperature yesterday was a grateful interruption to the monotony of the past few weeks.

=John B. Chalmers will lead the Christian Endeavor meeting in the church at Arlington Heights, on Friday evening, Jan. 27.

=The Christian Endeavor Society of the Arlington Baptist church, will hold a social in the church vestries, on Wednesday evening next. Supper at seven o'clock.

=Owing to the illness of their son Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake have found it necessary to recall the cards sent out for a reception and musicale at the "Maples," for Monday evening next.

=The Messrs. Durgin have completed their storage of ice from Little Spy Pond, having harvested a full crop, amounting to about 13,000 tons, of as handsome ice as ever was cut.

=In novelty and attractiveness the Columbian Bazaar promises to be an event which none should miss. We are told that the ladies of the Universalist church will surpass all previous records.

=The marriage of Mr. Henry A. Dexter and Miss Charlotte Lapham, daughter of the late Mr. Charles O. Gage, of Arlington, will be solemnized at Trinity church, Copley Sq., Boston, Tuesday next, Jan. 24, at high noon.

=The subject of the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting, held at 6.30 o'clock in the vestry of the Congregational church, Sunday evening, will have for the topic Jan. 22, the following: "God's covenant. If thou wilt—then." Mrs. William K. Cook will lead the service.

=The Christian Endeavor Society of the Baptist church will meet in the vestry next Sunday evening, at quarter past six. God's covenant "If thou wilt—then," is the topic, with Bible reference in Zech. 3:7; John 15:7-8.

=Mr. Samuel A. Fowle has fitted up the "Cutter Mill," on Mill street, recently purchased by him, for the manufacture and preparation for the market of a new patented article in which he has a large interest. He will employ a large number of girls to do the packing and labelling.

=Arlington abounds in amateur photographers, and several of them have developed quite artistic skill in the capture of sun pictures; but no work we have seen equals that of Mr. F. S. Frost and his son Frank. A book of samples which Mr. Frost prepared as a Christmas present was peculiarly rich in artistic work, making an inspection of the book a real treat. Thanks to Mr. Frost for specimens left with us.

=The annual meeting of Arlington Orthodox Congregational Society was held in their church vestry, last Monday evening. The pastor's salary was increased to \$2,000, and \$200 additional was appropriated for music. The officers for the ensuing year are:—

Clerk.—Wm. K. Cook.
Parish Committee.—Myron Taylor, George D. Moore, Edmund W. Noyes.
Treasurer.—A. Winslow Trow.
Music Committee.—Myron Taylor, G. S. Cushman, R. Walter Hilliard.
Auditor.—George H. Rugg.

=The rector of St. John's Episcopal church is preaching a special course of four sermons on Prayer, preparatory to the approaching Holy Season of Lent. The subject of the first, on last Sunday, was "The duty and beauty of Prayer." Next Sunday morning the subject will be "Finding time to pray." On the two succeeding Sunday mornings the subjects will be "How to pray" and "The Benefits of Prayer." Evening prayer hereafter will be at 4.30, p. m. instead of at 7.30.

=Instead of a falling off in attendance at the High school which has been the almost invariable rule of recent years at the end of the first few months of the new year, there has been an increase and the school now numbers 83 pupils.

=The Arlington Bowling team won another game last evening, beating the "Centrals" 2369 to 2099 pins. Stevens made 507, Flanders 516, Durgin 503, while Whittemore fell below 400 and Carter scored 450. In the last frame Durgin made five strikes in succession, thus securing a total of 207.

=The entertainment given in Town Hall, last evening, by the Wemyss Juvenile Minstrel Company, under the auspices of the Adelphi Club, had the compliment of a large audience, and the boys making up the company did the best they knew how to amuse the people. All the numbers were well received and several were encored.

=Dr. Hooker reports that Mrs. Frederic A. Dutton, on whom Elmer Partridge committed a murderous assault with a pistol last week, is doing as well as could be expected. Young Partridge will appear in court at Cambridge this morning, to plead to the warrant which charges him with assault with intent to kill, but as Mrs. Dutton will not be able to appear, the case may be continued. There is little doubt but what the boy's purpose was to murder Mrs. Dutton and rob the house, but that the sight of her clothing on fire and her cries for help frightened him so that he ran away as fast as he could go.

=The Arlington Study Club that entered upon its work under the guidance of Rev. I. C. Tomlinson and Mr. I. F. Hall has opened the way for a systematic study of the early history of our country that will be of permanent value. The class is free to all and any interested are invited to consult either of the gentlemen named in regard to minor details. The club finds it difficult to obtain a suitable place for meeting and our suggestion is that the trustees of Robbins Library allow it the free use of the small hall over the trustees' room. It is so eminently suited to classes of this kind that its appropriation to similar uses must have been originally in the thought of the architect. We advise the class to apply for it and believe the trustees will grant any privileges within the scope of their authority.

=A special musical program was presented at the Congregational church, Pleasant St., Arlington, on Sunday last, under the direction of the chorister, Mr. J. C. Prescott, Miss Jennie Sprague presiding at the organ. Besides the anthem sung by the quartette, Mr. Arthur Gay sang a bass solo, Miss Bessie Tufts a soprano solo and Mr. Prescott a tenor selection for the offertory. Miss Tufts was accompanied by her sister, Miss Helen Tufts of Lexington, who exquisitely played a violin obligato, in which she displayed unusual ability. In his sermon Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell gave a fine tribute to the exceptional merit and ability of the honored and revered, Rev. Daniel Cady, D. D., whose life was and whose influence is still felt as a shining light and inspiration, not only in his own church but by the town as well.

=The death of Mrs. Bertha L., wife of Mr. Robert A. Ware, ends a life that at one time, and not very long ago, was a leading spirit in the social life in which her lot was cast. She was a fine musician and especially free with her rare gifts whenever and wherever she could be of service, always gratuitously, as long as her health permitted. She was peculiarly the life of the home (since marriage Mr. and Mrs. Ware have had a home with her mother) on Maple street, which Mrs. M. J. Wiggin erected when Arlington was chosen as the future home of the family, and there she will be missed beyond power of words to express. Mrs. Ware's sickness has been a painful one, extending over several months, during which time she has had all the service and care that loving hands could supply. The funeral service was held at the residence on Maple St., on Wednesday, at which there were many expressions of respect and esteem. The pastor of the Cong. church, of which the deceased was a member, Rev. S. C. Bushnell, conducted the service giving gratifying expression to comforting thoughts, and exceptionally fine and touching musical selections were rendered by the Beacon Quartette, of Boston. The remains were enclosed in a handsome casket, but the physical waste of her illness made it necessary to close from sight one whose expressive face will have to be retained in memory as when last seen in life. A tiny wreath and bunch of forget-me-nots were on the casket and resting at its foot was a large wreath of ivy joined with hollyhocks; strewn on the

floor were a profusion of half blown white roses, while on mantles and other resting places were elegant bunches of pink and white roses and several beautiful and appropriate floral pieces. The burial was in Mt. Pleasant cemetery, Arlington.

=Recently an attraction and a great help to the music has been introduced in the First Parish Sunday school by Mr. C. C. Coley in the shape of an orchestra of seven pieces to lead the singing.

=We hear the tenants on the second floor of the Savings Bank building are to vacate their premises before April 1st to make way for alterations and changes in the Savings Bank quarters.

=Mr. H. W. Berthrong, of Arlington Heights, had on exhibition last week, at Williams & Everett's gallery, Boston, a three-quarters length portrait of Blaine, made for the Pine Tree State Club. Many of Mr. Blaine's most intimate friends pronounce it his best likeness. A duplicate has been finished to be sent to Mr. Blaine's family.

=As a token of his appreciation of the gallant work of Arlington Fire Department under the peculiarly trying conditions which obtained at the fire on Pleasant street last week, Mr. C. N. Bacon has sent his check for \$200 to the officers of Arlington Firemen's Relief Association. It was a generous gift which the firemen highly appreciate.

=Chief engineer Charles Gott had just stepped from the train at Brattle station, last Wednesday noon, when he was told that an alarm had been rung in from box 54. Jumping on the train he had left (it was then rapidly moving) he was early at the fire just over the Lexington line; but he was an hour or more late for the dinner at the Poor Farm to which he was on his way when the alarm sounded.

=The No-license Committee will make an active campaign again this year, with a view to materially increasing the no-license majority. We hope every voter this year will feel the importance of taking time to make a cross in the no-license space. The majority against license last year would have been nearly doubled if all who cast ballots for town officers had voted on this important matter.

=The Saturday evening dancing class held their usual weekly assembly in Town Hall, Jan. 14, with a larger attendance than usual. Mme. Condell superintended the dancing and Mrs. Copp presided at the piano with her well known ability. The gathering of young people was matronized by Mrs. H. B. Pierce and Mrs. Wellington A. Hardy, and there were several guests present. Thus far the class has had unusually cold nights to meet on.

=The Columbian Bazaar, for which such elaborate preparations are being made by the Universalist ladies, will occur in the Town Hall, on Thursday and Friday afternoons of next week. In the decorations of the hall, the draping of the booths, the costumes of the participants and the entertainment provided, every feature will suggest the notable life and great work of America's discoverer.

=The pastoral relation between Rev. Mr. Hitchcock of the Day street (Congregational) church, Somerville, still remains undissolved although the pastor has resigned and the church has accepted his resignation simply because the council called by natural consent to "review their actions" failed to agree upon the form of resolutions. The council, like its predecessor, takes time to consider, and by vote will meet at Pilgrim Hall, Boston, at two o'clock next Monday.

=The second half of Madam Condell's young people's dancing school was inaugurated on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 11th, in Town Hall. The first half was attended mainly by the younger children but the older and more experienced ones have joined in this second half of the Wednesday afternoon lessons and make an unusually large and attractive class, quite as large as one teacher can manage conveniently.

=Rev. George W. Cooke, of East Lexington, will give a lecture on "Palestine in the time of Jesus," in the First Parish church, next Wednesday, at 7.30, p. m. The lecture will be illustrated by the stereopticon, the main object being to help the Sunday school pupils in their study of the life of Jesus. There will be no admission fee and the public are cordially invited.

=Mrs. Mary A. Rice gave her talk to the children and teachers of the public schools on temperance education, Tuesday afternoon, in Grand Army Hall. Her natural gifts and large experience as an organizer along this line of work under the auspices of the National W. C. T. Union, enabled her to present the

matter in the best possible manner and her address was absorbingly interesting. The simple experiments and illustrations she introduced claimed the attention of the children and naturally interested the audience regardless of age.

=The Chautauqua Literary Circle will hold its next meeting Jan. 23, with Mrs. M. E. Roberts, Central St. In case of a severe storm on that date, the meeting will be postponed until the first pleasant evening of that week. Members please take notice. All interested are cordially invited to attend. A Tenyson program has been arranged.

=The next event of social importance in the near future is the eighteenth annual reunion of Cotting High School Alumni Association, which comes next Tuesday evening, Jan. 24. The details of the party have already been given. This is a reminder to those who have not already secured tickets for what will be one of the most enjoyable parties of the season.

=This (Friday, Jan. 20) evening, in the Congregational church vestry, a Japanese student who is perfecting himself for missionary work in Japan, at Harvard University, will speak upon the habits and customs of the Japanese, in place of the usual Friday evening service. This lecture is free to all and any interested are cordially invited to be present. The service commences promptly at 7.30 o'clock.

=It was an easy task for the Arlingtonians to defeat the Oxfords on the A. B. C. alleys Monday night, and the main interest in the game after the first string was centered in Whittemore's chance to break the Arlington three-string total of 537, and also in the struggle between Stevens, Marston and Carter to avoid the distinction of being low man. Whittemore dropped off in his third string and Flanders passed him. The score:—

ARLINGTON.				
Bowlers.	1	2	3	Totals.
Stevens	157	155	131	443
Whittemore	126	127	144	397
Marston	125	117	157	399
Carter	145	135	156	436
Flanders	154	181	194	529
Team totals	807	796	792	2395

OXFORD.				
Bowlers.	1	2	3	Totals.
Breed	114	159	162	435
Wardwell	149	115	119	383
Purinton	149	149	166	464
Hay	121	140	158	419
Sprague	138	173	126	437
Team totals	671	733	731	2135

Strikes—Stevens, 4; Whittemore, 13; Marston, 9; Carter, 4; Flanders, 11; Breed, 7; Wardwell, 4; Purinton, 8; Hay, 8; Sprague, 8.
Spares—Stevens, 14; Whittemore, 9; Marston, 9; Carter, 15; Flanders, 11; Breed, 7; Wardwell, 9; Purinton, 10; Hay, 6; Sprague, 8.
Missed spares—Stevens, 7; Whittemore, 7; Marston, 7; Carter, 7; Flanders, 4; Breed, 3; Wardwell, 11; Purinton, 8; Hay, 8; Sprague, 8.

=At noon on Wednesday of this week Mr. and Mrs. B. Frank Durgin, in charge of the Town Farm, entertained at dinner the Selectmen, and heads of departments, consisting of W. D. Durgin, George D. Tufts, Edw. S. Fessenden; assessors, Warren Rawson, Geo. D. Austin and Leander D. Bradley; water commissioners, Messrs. Alfred D. Hoitt and Geo. W. Lane; Superintendent of Schools I. F. Hall; chief engineer Charles Gott; chief of police Eugene Mead; superintendent of streets Samuel E. Kimball; Dr. E. D. Hooker. Sick-ness and business engagements prevented others from participating. The dinner was a fine one and well served. After dinner the usual inspection of the premises followed and all departments were found to be in excellent condition, reflecting credit on the manner in which the wards of the town are cared for and the buildings and surroundings looked after.

=This week gangs of workmen have been busy filling the ice houses on the south side of Spy Pond.

For
Breakfast Eat

Wheat Germ.

There's Nothing Half
so Good for the
Morning Meal.

OLD FATHER PETERS.

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

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CHAPTER I.



"Hold on, thar, Father Peters!"

Mr. Robert Peters, or "Father" Peters, as he was called by the mountaineers, was born in Ohio. He was a Campbellite clergyman, and ten years before the war he, with his wife and daughter, moved into the Cumberland mountains in southeastern Kentucky. Only an intense religious spirit could have induced Father Peters to leave his home in the rich lands of the western reserve and to take up his abode among the hills of the Cumberland range. It would be difficult in the United States to find a place and a people in more violent contrast with his old associates. Wealth, or at least comfort and intelligence were the rule in northern Ohio. There was hardly an exception to poverty and ignorance in the new home.

But Father Peters, without giving a thought to the sacrifice he was making, felt that he was coming as a missionary to the heathen quite as much as if he had gone out to the heart of darkest Africa. He built a large double log cabin, that was quite palatial and a model of home comfort in contrast with the cabins of his neighbors, and as he knew that the people were too poor to contribute to his support, he broke up a little farm and astonished his neighbors by introducing agricultural appliances and methods such as they had never before heard of or dreamed of.

Soon after his arrival, and with no assistance from those whom he had come to benefit, Father Peters built a log meeting house across the rough mountain road from his home, and sent word through the hills that hereafter there would be preaching every Sunday morning at Bradley's Crossing, as the place was called.

At first the people did not take kindly to the missionary. These mountaineers, while hospitable to passing strangers, do not favor the coming in of outsiders. The man who may not own an acre of rocky hillside is strong in the belief that the mountains round about are the exclusive property of himself and his kin. Then, again, while there were no slaves in this part of Kentucky, the people had a bitter hatred of Abolitionists—a hatred that grew more intense as the day of strife approached. They believed that every northern man was an Abolitionist, and at first they were inclined to think that Father Peters had come into the mountains to spread his pernicious political principles rather than to preach the Gospel.

Although young enough to be her husband's daughter, Mrs. Peters herself heart and soul into his work. She was a woman of much culture and force of character, and before she had been a year in the mountains she established a school in the meeting house. Excepting Bradley the blacksmith's children and those of a family named Burns that lived near by, the school was not attended. Neither the mountaineers nor their fathers had had any "book larnin," and so they reasoned that their children could get along without it, and then they had a dim notion that schools and abolition were closely related.

Gradually the meeting house became a rendezvous for the mountaineers for ten miles around. It was particularly popular in the summer season. Then groups of lank men and women, often accompanied by troops of ragged, tow-headed children, would come down the mountain trails every Sunday morning. The women, for comfort rather than economy, would carry their rough shoes in their hands and wash their feet and put on their foot covering by the little stream that brawled behind the meeting house. The men often carried their rifles with them to church, and it was the exception to find one who had not a pistol strapped about his waist. It was not unusual for the young men to indulge in target practice while the seniors were listening to Father Peters' sermon, and more than once the services were suddenly ended by a fight between two men who had met by appointment for that purpose.

But Father Peters' farm, quite as much as his preaching, helped to break up the stupid monotony of the mountaineers' methods. Heretofore they never dreamed that anything but potatoes, oats and corn could be raised in the hills. But gradually the preacher's young orchard of apples, plums, pears and peaches began to bear, and his vegetable garden was at once a revelation and a show, of which the congregation never wearied on Sunday.

During the ten years that Father Peters preached and Mrs. Peters taught they never received one dollar from the people; the subject of compensation was never even hinted at, nor did the idea of a donation party ever enter their dull minds. Indeed, they felt that they had a claim on the proceeds of the clergyman's labor, for they helped themselves from his orchard and garden without permission in advance or thanks afterward.

So matters went on till the fall of eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Although his ministrations had not been as successful as he at first expected, yet Father Peters was comforted with the belief that he had done some good for these rude people; he certainly suffered no pricks of conscience from a sense of neglected duty. Since his coming his daughter Ella had grown to be a beautiful young woman. His life focused in her, and in regarding her he forgot that the heavy hand of time was bowing his own shoulders and bleaching his hair like snow.

Bradley, the blacksmith, who was Mr. Peters' nearest neighbor, was a man of unusual physical strength, and before the coming of the preacher he had been noted as a fighter; indeed, he was credited with having killed more than one man. He had been shockingly brutal and profane, and was known far and near as "Strong Dick Bradley," to distinguish him from a cousin of the same name, who was not quite so strong. If the only good done by the clergyman had been the conversion of the blacksmith, his work in the mountains might well be considered a success. Bradley no longer swore nor drank, nor had he a fight for years. This remarkable change, added to the fact that he was a man of few words, gave the impression to many that "religion had took all the pluck and snap out of Strong Dick Bradley."

As the men in the hills all voted the Democratic ticket, the most exciting elections never created a ruffle among them, but as soon as it became known that the southern states had seceded and that war had come, the stagnation was broken up and the mountaineers evinced, for the first time in their lives, an awful anxiety to learn what was going on in the outside world. Bradley's blacksmith shop became a headquarters at which the war was discussed, and men speculated as to the time when the strife would come to the hills, for they knew it must come as the only relief to the strain between the union and disunion elements.

I have tried to point out in the course of these sketches that a majority of the southern mountaineers were Union men, yet there were places where, without any apparent reason, the secession element largely predominated. This was certainly the case in Father Peters' neighborhood. As in most places the secessionists were here the loudest in their abuse and the most eager for war.

The old clergyman noted with alarm the change that had come over his congregation. As he was a northern man they took it for granted, and they were right in the surmise, that he was devoted to the Union. But knowing that a loud protestation of his loyalty could do no good and might do a great deal of harm, he kept his views to himself and by every means in his power tried to pour oil on the troubled waters.

But when everybody else was so outspoken, the reticence of Father Peters told against him, and the stories of his being an Abolitionist, which were so rife on his first coming, were again revived, and this time with more bitterness, for the people believed the charge was true. One night as Father Peters was reading in the little log annex he had built for a study, the door opened without any preliminary knock and Strong Dick Bradley came softly in, and with an air of great mystery noiselessly closed the door behind him.

"I am glad to see you, Brother Bradley," said the clergyman. "Sit down and tell me the news, for you are in a position to learn what is going on hereabouts."

The blacksmith pulled his chair nearer, and with his big hands to the sides of his mouth to shield his voice, he whispered:

"I'm sorry to tell yo', Father Peters, that there's trouble a brewin' harabout, and lots of hit."

"Trouble to whom, Brother Bradley?"

"Can't yo' guess?"

"I cannot."

"Waal, hit's to yo' and yours," said the blacksmith, with an emphatic shake of the head.

"But surely no one could wish to annoy me. I did not think I had an enemy in the world," said the alarmed clergyman.

"That's jest hit," responded Bradley. "Thar hain't no one ez doesn't allow yer the best preacher in the mountains, but the boys say they don't like yer politics and so they'll make trouble."

Father Peters protested that he had not meddled in politics, and that since the breaking out of the war a few months before he had guarded his words that he might not give offense.

"That's hit; that's why they've got so doggone seepchis. Now, Father Peters, yo' know I've allus been a good friend of yo's, ez I should be a blamed dog not to be, seem that you took me by the hand and led me up to the light, bless the Lor! But thar's da'njah all about we uns, mos' pow'ful da'njah, ez me and the wife allowed this night. And we said of so be yo' could go no'th fo' awhile till the trouble kinder blows ovah, that hit'd be bettah fo' you and fo' yer friends."

More than once Father Peters and his wife and daughter had discussed this very question; but the old man's strong sense of duty and his innate courage led him to draw back from the serious consideration of a course that meant the abandonment of his missionary work, for he knew that if he left under the circumstances, he could never return with the hope of being useful. He pointed out these arguments to Bradley, and added:

"If I were to fly north with my family at this time I have no assurance that they would let me depart in peace. It is not six weeks since a teacher named White, who was trying to make his way from Tennessee to Portsmouth, Ohio, was murdered in these hills, and his body might have bleached upon the mountain if you and I had not carried it down and given it Christian burial behind the meeting house."

"That's a fac', Father Peters, and hit was jest os we uns buried that thar pore teller Christian, ez we did, that

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

Originated by an Old Family Physician, For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use.

For Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore-Throat, Cramps, Pains.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieves all manner of Bowel Complaints. To be taken in water.

DO YOU SEE THE POINT? Although originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment could not have survived over eighty years except for the fact that it possesses extraordinary merit for Household use.

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made some of the folks so doggone mad and seepchis. Of course they know I'm a Union man clar through and through, but they remembahs the time when I wasn't a Christian fo' shucks, and could lay out a regiment of 'em, two at a time. They kinder 'spects, and mebbe they're not so fur outen the way, that thar's a right smart of the old Adam about me yit. Now ef yo' think that the good Lor would ruther yo' stay right har and do yo'r 'squares jooty I reckon yo'll find me on his side and yo'm, let the wind blow high or the wind blow low. And bless the God of Israel, Father Peters, thar's my hand on hit."

The two men shook hands, and then they knelt down and, to use Bradley's expression, "wrastled pow'fully with the Lor in prayah."

This conversation was had on Friday and the following Sunday being a pleasant Indian summer day, the people began to swarm down from the hills earlier than usual, and the old clergyman noted with pain that nearly all the men carried their rifles, a habit that he had induced them to give up for some years before the war.

Heretofore these people, for whom he had toiled so long and so hard without any compensation, always saluted him with a boisterous heartiness, but this morning they met Father Peters' salutations with curt nods and clouded brows. Even the Union men held aloof, for they were in the minority and knew that the slightest indiscreet act might precipitate the trouble which was prophesied every day and expected at any moment.

Het Magoone was at meeting this morning. He was a great, hulking brutal desperado. He had killed a number of men, and the more peaceful stood in awe of him, for at the best of times law was only a name in the mountains, but at this time it had not even a shadow of existence.

Het Magoone was the leader of the desperate element that had come to the conclusion that Father Peters was a black Abolitionist, and as this to their brutal and ignorant minds was the greatest crime of which any man could be guilty, they could not receive with respect the religious teachings of the old man. It was known that Het Magoone's hatred was due to the fact that Ella Peters had rejected his advances, and that her father insisted that the ruffian should cease his visits. Despite the discouragement of these rebuffs the fellow would have kept on had not Strong Dick Bradley led him to one side one day and told him with much of his oldtime vigor of speech that if he did not keep away from Father Peters' house he, Dick Bradley, would consider it his duty to "lay him out," preliminary to which he would "break his neck like a pipstern."

This particular Sunday morning Het Magoone swaggered about like a man who felt himself to be master of the situation and wanted others to acknowledge the fact. He stood in the meeting house door and with much profanity shouted his salutations to the newcomers. When the clergyman and his wife approached it was thought that Het Magoone would bar their entrance. This certainly was his purpose, as he afterward confessed, but the appearance of the blacksmith on the scene induced him to postpone action.

Father Peters walked back to the little platform at the farther end of the meeting house, and here, as was his custom, he knelt down for silent prayer, and a few of the congregation went through the form of following his example.

As but very few of the congregation could read, hymn books were not used. The clergyman read out a hymn two lines at a time, and the singing that followed, which Ella Peters and her mother tried to lead, was not a very high order of sacred music. Father Peters adjusted his glasses, cleared his throat and was about to announce the hymn when Het Magoone stood up near the door and called out:

"Hold on thar, Father Peters!"

"What is it?" asked the astonished pastor.

"Afoah you uns ken do any moah preachin in these yar hills we uns'd like fo' to know jist how yo' stand," and Het Magoone fondled his rifle as a mother fondles her child.

"This is certainly an extraordinary proceeding in the house of God," said the old man tremulously, but with dignity.

"So hit is," continued Het Magoone, "but these har is mos' stormy times, ez every one'll allow. Now, Father Peters, I want you to answer me some questions: will yo' do hit?"

"Let me hear them."

"Hain't yo' a Yankee?" this with a wink to his friends.

"I was born north of the Ohio; if that makes me a Yankee," said the old man, with spirit. "I suppose I am one."

"Waal, yo' couldn't a' denied hit with out lyin. Now some of we uns has been talkin this ovah, and we allows that yo' ken down here ten year or so ago to play the spy."

excitement. "As God is my judge I came here with my wife and little one that I might be the humble instrument of saving the people. What I ask you could I spy out that is not known?"

"We uns know that yo'r a black Republican!" shouted Het Magoone, and he added an oath that shocked even his associates.

"I am not a black Republican. It is perhaps, unnecessary for me to say that neither in the last election nor, indeed in any election within my memory has a Republican vote been cast in Laurel county, Kentucky."

It was the case of the wolf and the lamb over again. Het Magoone had come prepared to worry and humiliate Father Peters, and the fact that he had not the slightest ground for his attack did not change him for his purpose.

"Yo'd a' voted the Republican ticket ef yo'd had a chance," shouted Magoone. Then, with the manner of a man about to play a card that could not be beaten, he asked, "Hain't yo' fo' the Union?"

A Thrilling Tale of the War.



"I had been here but a few minutes when I heard a metallic click, as if made by a scabbard, and looking my carbine I turned quickly in the direction of the sound, expecting to see an armed man, whether friend or foe."

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without a moment's hesitation Father Peters responded:

"I am a citizen of Kentucky, and as Kentucky is still in the Union I must be a Union man."

"But ef so be Kentucky was to secede, would yo' be a Union man then?"

"God giving me strength, I would."

That was the fervent response.

"Thar! I didn't tell you uns he was fo' the Union, and a man that's fo' the Union is a black Republican and a Abolitionist!" shouted Het Magoone.

"And I say that's a d—d lie!"

That there might be no mistake as to the man who had given expression to this forcible opinion, Strong Dick Bradley got up, and with his right hand thrown back under his coat, a gesture which even the children present understood, he walked over and stood beside the preacher.

The women now became very nervous, and many of the men turned ashy pale and moved toward the door.

"Dick Bradley, this ain't no sarcas of yours," said Het Magoone, but his brutal bearing was toned down and there was that in the eyes and the movements of the thick lips that told he was not pleased with the bearing of the blacksmith. But gaining confidence as he remembered that two-thirds of the sixty men present were his partisans, he continued: "We uns who's fo' the south ken wait to get even with you uns who's fo' the Union. Thar's plenty of time to settle them things, but what we want now is to get rid of a man from the north who comes down here ez a spy and purtendin that hit's God Almighty's religion. Father Peters, yo've preached yo'r last sermon in these har hills."

"Who says so?" demanded Bradley.

"We uns."

"And who's you uns?"

"Me and my friends."

"Neither yo' nor yo'r friends owns a splinter of this house: from foundation log to clapboard hit's owned by the man ez built hit—the man ez kem down heah to lead us to do right—but thar's some men so give ovah to sin. Het Magoone among 'em, that they're bound to be damned, and I'm mighty glad of hit. Now you uns that don't want to heah Father Peters preach is free to leave. But by G—d the next man that tries to break up our worship will find himself needin a hull new top to his head!"

Strong Dick Bradley, although using this strong language, appeared to be the coolest man in the meeting house; but there was no one in the hearing of his voice who did not know that he was making no idle threat. Motioning to his friends to follow him, Magoone strode out of the house and a meeting was held at the door. The preacher and his followers were denounced in language of unquestionable vigor, every word of which could be heard inside, and men who had through years received favors at the old man's hands threatened that if he did not leave the mountains at once they would hang him.

But even those who remained back with Father Peters were in no mood for devotion. They saw that the dreaded time had come, and that from this day on till the end the old friends, neighbors and kinsmen must stand face to face in a life and death struggle.

At Mrs. Peters' suggestion her husband's friends left the church and gathered in the study, but even here they could hear the shooting and the swearing, punctuated now and then by the startling discharge of pistols.

Following the old man's example all who could crowd into the little room knelt down, and all those who could not knelt down within hearing outside. As Father Peters called on heaven for help and light the men and women, with eyes closed and bodies swaying, wrought themselves up to a state of camp meeting excitement till at length the appeals of the preacher were drowned in shouts of "Hallelujah!" "Glory to God!" "Send down the light, O Mastah!" "Amen and Amen!" and "Heah the prayahs of sinners!"

At last the fervor died out from exhaustion, though still the kneeling women sobbed and the men groaned. Father Peters had just risen to his feet when he heard a cry outside, a cry that was taken up by the men, women and children. All rushed out to see a black pillar of smoke shooting up from the meeting house. It had been fired by Het Magoone and his friends, who now danced about the burning building and fired off their pistols and howled like so many drunken savages.

CHAPTER II.



"In God's name, Brother Bradley, have patience!"

The war had come to Bradley's Crossing. The little Salem meeting house in which the Union men under Father Peters had so often and so fervently prayed for peace was a smoldering ruin. The men who had burned it down were as savagely jubilant over their work as if they had won a great battle against great odds and the Union men were correspondingly despondent.

Strong Dick Bradley and the men who had been converted in the little meeting house were startled at the destruction. They had come to speak of the place as

"the house of God," and this meant to them not simply a place for worship, but a structure sanctified by the divine presence and under the divine care, and as such as safe against fire as the hills themselves.

"Why did God let the house burn?" "Why did he permit his people, and particularly so good a man as Father Peters, to be persecuted?" "Why did he not smite hip and thigh the profane wretches who had done this thing?" These were the questions that puzzled the Union men who belonged to the church, and failing to receive a satisfactory answer the most soundly converted felt that he was falling from grace, and that if the Lord did not afford miraculous help at once he must sever the connection, for the time being at least, and try to help himself after the old mountain methods.

A habit supposed to be dead invariably asserts itself with greater force after it is resurrected. This was certainly the case with Strong Dick Bradley, the blacksmith. He had been noted for his profanity among a people where even the children lisp in oaths. He had been famed as a fighter in a community where the ability to fight is regarded as the highest and noblest attribute of manhood, and where the desperado who has killed his man, or men, is envied as the wild Indians envy the warrior who has taken the most scalps.

It was generally believed that the blacksmith's religion, while making him a safer and so a more desirable neighbor, had entirely unmanned him, and that even so arant a braggart as Het Magoone could safely treat him with contempt and set him at defiance. But Strong Dick Bradley's religion, or at least that part of it that had curbed his tongue and his arm, went up and vanished in the smoke of the meeting house, and for four terrible years both had full swing.

While Bradley's religion had received so severe a check, the effect of this attack was to turn his earnest mission feelings into a blind fanaticism that was to find delight in conflagrations and a soothing comfort in blood. Father Peters, who had just been praying by the blacksmith's side, and now stood holding his arm while they watched the play of the flames destroying the mission, forgot his own danger and his own loss as he noted the old, black scowl on the face and the devilish light flashing up in the deep gray eyes of Strong Dick Bradley.

"If Jesus Christ won't perfect the place we uns hez fixed up s'ung fo' him that's his lookout. Hit'll be a d—d long time afoah he hez another so good a show in these hills. But by the Great Eternal! the men ez hez did this'll have to pay the insurance in blood. Hold thar, Het Magoone! God cuss yo' fo' a dog and a coward! I've got somethin to say afoah you uns ride off!"

The last sentence was addressed to Het Magoone, who was now about to mount the horse on which he had come.

The people who had been praying and the people who had been shouting about the fire and Het Magoone himself were startled by the blacksmith's voice and manner. All saw that the Christian blacksmith had gone and that the strong and savage Dick Bradley of a few years before had come back. Magoone obeyed the summons, for he knew, as did all his supporters, that the first sign of disobedience would have been the signal for a bullet in his heart.

Het Magoone had forty men there with him. All were armed with rifles and pistols. The very fact that they carried these weapons showed that they were prepared for a fight and expected one. Physically, it is safe to say there was not a downright coward in the lot. Well led, there was not a man of them not even the brutal, swaggering Het Magoone, who could not have been held in line against overwhelming numbers till the last one fell in his tracks, and who could not have been carried on in an assault, though certain that not one could return: but at sight of Strong Dick Bradley and at the sound of his voice the strongest trembled and became for the time more obedient than if not so weak as a child.

Ignoring the fact, if indeed he was aware of it, that Father Peters was clinging to his arm, the blacksmith strode right through the crowd about the church until he stood face to face with Het Magoone. The clergyman's daughter, to whom I am indebted for an account of what preceded this and what it followed, followed her father, fearing for his safety. Although as true and brave a woman as ever lived, and quite as self-possessed as if she had spent all her life in the best society, Ella Peters was paralyzed with alarm when she saw the change that had come over the man who hitherto had been more gentle than a girl to her and hers.

"Het Magoone, yo' kem har today to raise b—l! Don't lie, yo' dog, and say yo' didn't! Waal, yo've riz hit, and now, by the Great Eternal, I'll send yo thar!"

The blacksmith raised his arm, and giant though Magoone was, he towered over him. The horse kept the not cowed desperado from retreating, and he did not dare to touch his rifle or one of the many pistols belted to his waist.

At this juncture Father Peters threw himself between the two men. His hair was off and the wind blew his white hair about his bare, thin face. He was the one man who did not fear Strong Dick—mad Dick Bradley.

"In God's name, Brother Bradley, have patience! Oh, my prayers and my lessons, my son, have you forgotten them? Wait! wait! Prayers and patience! prayers and patience!" and he threw his thin arms about the raised arm of the giant, and it fell with a sob.

"I've obeyed yo' too long," groaned the blacksmith, "to break off all a sudden like. But, Father Peters, yo' must well have let me did today what I'll be blessed fo' to do tomorrow or next day. Then addressing Magoone:

"Het, way back when me and yo' boys, yo'r father sneaked up on us, yo'r father, yo'r father, and he hit me; hit was a coward's deed, and

lowed when yo' and me growed up I'd have blood for blood; and yo' knowed hit, too, for you kep' outer my way and went to live down Tennessee way. Then Father Peters kim and I got right smart of religion, and yo' felt hit safe to come back, and hit wuz safe, so long's the religion lasted.

"But she's gone, gone a-flickerin in that fish you uns made today. Father Peters staid my amh today, not on 'count of religion, but coz I love him and I'm agwine to stand by him, and by the Great Eternal! I want you uns fah and neah to know hit. Go yo' way with yo' people and make ready. I'll stay back har with my kin and friends, and perphah. And bear in mind, Het Magoon, when we uns meet agin thar'll be blood, and I won't ax God to have murey on the dead. Now go, d—n yo'!"

Concluded next week.

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June 17

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGETMENOT.

Buttercup, poppy, forgetmenot—
These three bloomed in a garden spot,
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard three voices say:
"Shine or shadow, summer or spring—
O thou child—'till the tangled hair
And laughing eyes—we three shall bring
Each an offering, passing fair!"
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gambled all day long,
Sharing the little one's mirth and song;
Then, stealing along on misty gleams,
Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams,
Playing and dreaming—that was all,
Till once the sleeper would not awake.
Kissing the little face under the pall,
We thought of the words the third flower spoke,
And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot
The solace and peace of forgetmenot.

Buttercup shared the joy of day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play;
Bringing the poppy sweet repose,
When the hands would fold and the eyes would close,
And after it all—the play and the sleep
Of a little life—what cometh then?
To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep

A wee flower bringeth God's peace again,
Each one serveth its tender lot—
Buttercup, poppy, forgetmenot.
—Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

"JUST IN TIME."

The sun was slowly lifting a rosy crown from the head of the tall "King mountain" in eastern Kentucky. Twilight was slowly creeping up the valley, leaving black taroated tunnels yawning beneath the trees that crowded each side of the creek. With quiet chatter the chickens were gathering beneath the trees in the front of old Bill Copfield's log cabin, glancing about here and there, seeking the best boughs in which to rest through the coming night. A whip-poorwill was lifting its weird, monotonous shrieks out on the mountain side at the rear of the house. Beyond the yard fence in front, on a large oak, sat a young man and a young girl. The latter was Nellie Copfield, the prettiest girl "in all the country round." The former was her big, rawboned, but withal handsome lover, Tim Holbrook.

The two had been quarreling, but now a short truce of silence had intervened. The young giant sat with his head bent over, vigorously, but unconsciously, whittling on a pine shingle. The girl sat twisting her fingers, making the joints crack, and ever and anon flashing a detecting glance at her lover. Occasionally her sharp look would encounter his, and then two chins would suddenly drop toward two breasts.

Finally the young man, with a sudden impulse, arose from the log, brushed away the shavings that clung to his clothes, and said:

"Waal, I guess it's time fer me ter be gittin' outen this."

The girl glanced up, and with a suggestion of sarcasm in her tones said:

"I'm surprised at ye wantin' to go so suddin'! I thought ye was havin' an awful nice time!"

"Now thar ain't no use in ye tryin' ter take up that ar quarrel agin. I don't feel like it. I got up ter tell ye goodby."

"Thar's plenty o' time yet ter tell me that. The moon ain't hardly up yet. Ye don't want ter go off in the dark. Ye generally stay nearly all night. What's yer hurry now?" The girl's tones were full of affected pleasantry, and her eyes glowed with soft radiance through the gathering darkness. At the beauty of that upturned face his joints weakened, and down he sat again beside her.

He turned to the girl and said with some desperation:

"I love you, Nell, and ye know it."

"O' course I do," returned the girl, laughing.

"I can't he'p lovin' ye."

"I know you can't."

"I loved ye the fust time I ever seed ye."

"Yes, you did that?"

"That's jis' why ye treat me like a dog."

"I don't treat ye like a dog, Tim."

"Ye don't?"

"No, suh, I don't."

"I'd like ter know why?"

"Because I'm allers good an' pleasant to my dog."

Here the girl laughed aloud; but Tim, exasperated beyond any further endurance, leaped up, made a rush for his mule, mounted it and dashed furiously away.

As the echoes of the mule's hoofs died out in the night remorse sprang up in the heart of this little mountain coquette.

"Oh, goodness!" she cried, "wonder what got inter him ter treat me that a-way? Jis' jumped up an' run off an' never seed nothin'. He's mad about somethin'—I know he is. What could it be? I never seed such a fellow in my life; jis' flies all ter pieces, an' a body never kin tell what it's about. Well, I reckon it wud be all for the best if he stays mad—if he is mad. Anybody that acks the fool that a-way why they'd be no livin' with 'em arter they're married to 'em. I never will speak to him agin. Lordy goodness, I know I never done nothin'. Wonder if he was certain mad and won't never try to make up with me no more?" And the poor, injured little maiden smashed two big tears on her pretty, plump cheeks, crossed the fence, entered the house and went to bed.

As Tim's mule trotted along toward his home his thoughts ran something like this:

"Oh, Lordy Gord! what am I gwine ter do? Life fer me now is a busted gourd layin' by the side o' the spring o' happiness. I'll pine an' perish in front o' the sweet warters, but can't never drink 'em no more. My big feather bed will now be full o' rocks when I lay down on it at night. I'll git up in the mornin' feelin' sorry I didn't peg out durin' sleep. I'll go ter my new ground ter plow, but won't have life enough in me ter cuss when a root hits my shin. The house logs I'd got out ter build a little home fer me an' Nell will now rot in the woods. The good milk cow I lately traded fer will go dry. The hogs I bought ter make us meat will wander away an' go wild. I ain't got no heart never ter do nothin' more. I've got no more confidence in nobody. I thought Nell loved me, an' I believe she once did, but she is jis' like

all the critters. When they find out a feller's too sweet on 'em it turns 'em sour."

And the great, strong man—a weakling at this moment—lifted up his voice and sang the following stanza of despair:

Fare ye well, my lovin' Nellie,
I'll bid you adieu,
I am ruined forever,
By the lovin' of you.

"Oh, don't you be a bit frightened!" young man, about that girl. Don't I know human nature? Haven't I read the book of humanity from the preface to the end, 'till every leaf is greasy and yellow with my thumbs? It's my business, young man. From what you tell me about the girl, and the account of your quarrel with her, she is now in the orchard under a tree, lying flat in the grass 'snubbing' about you. She's rubbing tears from the corners of her eyes right now with her apron. She's drawing deep sighs at this moment, and has a chunk in the throat that she can't either get up or down. She'd give the earth and throw in a few other good sized planets to be all right with you again. Do as I've told you, and if the thing don't work you don't pay me the ten dollars, and I give you leave to kick me clear across the county besides."

The speaker was a traveling peddler and "fortune teller." The gentleman he was addressing, as the reader has guessed, was no other than Tim Holbrook.

"Waal, you better reckon," returned Tim, rubbing his hard hands together in an excess of glee, "ef ye can jis' make that ar trick work, ye're not only welcome to the ten dollars, but sixteen head of fine fat shoats besides!"

"Git your rope an' clear out then, and so will I," impatiently spoke the reservoir of destiny, and off he went toward the cabin residence of old Bill Copfield.

An hour later the "fortune teller" was in front of the Copfield home.

"Hello!" he yelled.

"Hello yerself," glumly spoke a young girl, coming out on the porch.

"I'd like to stop with you and get my dinner," he spoke smilingly.

"There won't be no trouble about that. Come in. We hain't got nothin' much to eat, but erbout az good az I guess yer use to while yer goin' through this country. Have this cheer. Mam this man wants his dinner. Lemme have your har, stranger."

A few moments later the fortune teller was at the table. He sat in front of the young girl, and his penetrating eye told him all that he had suspected. He saw the languid droop of her lids. He saw the paths of tears down her cheeks. So dim that they would not have been detected by an eye less observant.

Dinner being concluded, the man asked the "bill."

"Nuthin', stranger," simultaneously spoke mother and daughter.

"That is certainly cheap," laughingly spoke the fortune teller.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Copfield, "but it's all we ever charge."

"Well, well," spoke the fortune teller.

"I must do something for such a good dinner. I am a fortune teller, and I know the young lady would be pleased to know her fortune. Most young people would."

The young girl colored brightly and said she'd "like awful well to have it told if he could tell."

A cup with coffee grounds staining its sides and bottom was soon revolving in the wizard's practiced fingers. Finally, in tones of deep gravity, he spoke:

"Young lady, you are in love."

The girl turned to her mother with an astonished look in her eyes. The mother smiled through the veil of astonishment that covered her features.

"You are in love with a young man," spoke the oracle in tones of mystery.

"You are in love with a young man dot far from here. He loves you. You have lately quarreled. He thinks you hate him, and he has made up his mind to kill himself."

"Oh, boohoo! Oh, don't say that!" pleadingly cried the girl.

The fortune teller gazed long into the depths of the cup. Then a frightened look sprang to his face. His eyes spread open like saucers. His breast heaved. His hands clutched together. Finally he spoke, hoarsely:

"Quick, girl! Go to him! Go at once! He will soon hang himself!"

"Oh, Lordy Gord!" screamed the girl, wringing her hands, "where, oh, where is he?"

"Down the road, I think. Oh, yes; I see him plain. It's under a big oak down the road not over 300 yards away. Go at once and you can save him. Go! go!"

"Oh, Lord help me! I know just where it is. Will I have time? Oh, Lord!"

But before the man could answer the girl had leaped the fence and was running down the road like a young fawn.

As she neared the great oak she saw her lover climbing up to the first limbs, a new seagrass rope in his hand.

A wild scream broke from the lips of the girl.

"Oh, Tim, for God's sake—for my sake, Tim, don't do that. I'll kill myself, too, if you do. Git down! Oh, do git down! I won't never, never do so any more!"

The young man, affecting a look of great sadness, leaped to the ground. The girl grabbed his neck in her firm, shapely arms and kissed him passionately.

"Oh, Tim, what made you do this? You know I never done nothin' to make ye mad. I'm nearly crazy now. I won't never treat ye mean no more."

"Oh, bully for you, then, little gal!" returned the happy young giant as he drew her quickly toward his big breast. "You talked so awful mean to me that night afore I left that I thought you hated me. I then made up my mind to hang myself. I'd rather a thousand times over be dead than ter live without ye. You got har jist in time. I'd er bin dead, stiff an' a-grinnin' by this time ef ye hadn't er come—I would jist shore."

On their way toward the house they met the fortune teller, and the inquisitive girl, in the excess of her happiness and gratitude, threw her arms around his neck, while Tim shyly slipped a ten dollar bill into his hand.—James Noel Johnson in Yankee Blade.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

"Here's the house, from dome to base,
Standing in a sunny place;
Rooms there are a half a score;
Tiled or polished is each floor;
Everything contrived to please—
Perfect, as you see, for ease."

"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"Here are parlors, sitting rooms,
Scented by sweet jasmine blooms;
Halls there are, and chambers, too,
Elegant and furnished new;
Stereom with its ample store,
Kitchen, pantry and what's more—
Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"Here's the servant's brief brigade—
Aish cook and serving maid,
Housekeeper—I think that's all
Save the chore boy, close on call;
Not a servant on the place
With a sour, unfriendly face."

"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"I'm the master, look me o'er;
And, besides, I've gold galore;
Business with the Bryson bank,
Where my credits are not blank—
Takes a deal, 'twixt you and I,
For the house and our supply."

"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"Now see here, my eager friend,
That insist on this should end;
What has not yet come about
May before the year is out.
Still my heart feels no distress,
And I'll live without, unless
Cupid sends a mistress."

—Edward Vincent in Good Housekeeping.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

IT RECEIVES MINERAL SALT FROM LAND AND LOSES NONE.

The Process of Evaporation Releases Water from the Oceans, but the Salt Remains. Therefore the Sea Is Continually Growing More Salty.

Why is sea water salty? is a question that has been regarded as a mystery and has given rise to some curious speculations, but a little consideration on the subject must, I think, satisfy us all that it would be very wonderful, quite incomprehensible, if the waters of the ocean were otherwise than salt as they are.

The following explanation was first suggested to myself many years ago when receiving my first lessons in practical chemical analysis. The problem then to be solved was the separation of the bases dissolved in water by precipitating them one by one in a solid condition, filtrating away the water from the first, then from this filtrate precipitating the second, and so on until all were separated or accounted for.

But in doing this there was one base that was always left to the last on account of the difficulty of combining it with any acid that would form a solid compound—a difficulty so great that its presence was determined by a different method. This base is soda, the predominating base of sea salt, where it is combined with hydrochloric acid. Not only is soda the most soluble of all the mineral bases, but the mineral acid with which it is combined forms a remarkably soluble series of salts—the chlorides. Thus the primary fact concerning the salinity of sea water is that it has selected from among the stable chemical elements the two which form the most soluble compounds. Among the earthy bases is one

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DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES.

20 June—11

which is exceptionally soluble—that is, magnesia—and this stands next to soda in its abundance in sea water.

Modern research has shown that the ocean contains in solution nearly every element that exists upon the earth, and that these elements exist in the water in proportions nearly corresponding to the mean solubility of their various compounds. Thus gold and silver and most of the other heavy metals exist there. Sonnenstadt found about fourteen grains of gold to the ton of seawater, or a dollar's worth in less than two tons. As the ocean covers all the lower valleys of the earth, it receives all the drainage from the whole of the exposed land. This drainage is the rainwater that has fallen upon this exposed surface, has flowed down its superficial slopes or has sunk into porous land and descended underground. In either case the water must dissolve and carry with it any soluble matter that it meets, the quantity of solid matter which is thus appropriated being proportionate to its solubility and the extent of its exposure to the solvent. Rain when it falls upon the earth is distilled water, nearly pure (its small impurities being what it obtains from the air), but river water when it reaches the ocean contains measurable quantities of dissolved mineral and vegetable matter. These small contributions are ever pouring in and ever accumulating. This continual addition of dissolved mineral salts without any corresponding abstraction by evaporation has been going on ever since the surface of the earth consisted of land and water.

An examination of the composition of other bodies of water which, like the ocean, receive rivers and rivulets and have no other outlet than that afforded by evaporation, confirms this view. All of these are more or less saline, many of them more so than the ocean itself. On the great tableland of Asia, "the roof of the world," there is a multitude of small lakes which receive the waters of rivers and rivulets of that region and have no outlet to the ocean. On a map they appear like bags, with a string attached, the bag being the lake and the string the river. All these lakes are saline, many of them excessively so, simply because they are ever receiving river water of slight salinity and ever giving off vapor which has no salinity at all. There is no wash through these lakes, as in the great American lakes or those of Constance, Geneva, etc.

The sea of Aral and the Caspian are lakes without any other outlet than evaporation, and they are saline accordingly. The Dead sea, which receives the Jordan at one end and a multitude of minor rivers and rivulets at the other end and sides, is a noted example of extreme salinity. It is, as everybody knows, a sea or lake of brine. The total area of land training into the great ocean does not exceed one-fourth of its own area, while the Dead sea receives the drainage and soluble matter of an area above twenty times greater than its own, and thus it fulfills the demand of the above stated theory by having far greater salinity than has the great ocean.

According to this view the salinity of the ocean must be steadily though very slowly increasing, and there must be slowly proceeding a corresponding adaptation of evolution among the inhabitants, both animal and vegetable. The study of this subject and the effect which the increasing salinity of the past must have had upon the progressive modifications of organic life displayed by fossils is, I think, worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received from paleontologists.—W. Mattien Williams in Science.

The Civilization of Europe.

I see that Professor Petrie in his latest work advances the theory that Europe is not indebted to Egypt for its civilization. The discovery has been rather late coming on the part of the archaeologist. I have long maintained that Egypt borrowed fully as much of her civilization from Europe as did Europe from Egypt. European civilization was really an independent growth. Egypt and Babylonia borrowed fully as much as they loaned. This European civilization acquired acts independently, just as India did.

More than 1,500 years before the dawn of the Christian era civilization had made considerable progress in Greece and Lydia. A century later witnessed great proficiency in the arts. Moreover, this civilization was not confined to a corner of Europe, but stretched from the Mediterranean to the frozen north. Egypt and Babylonia did not civilize Greece and Italy. Greece and Italy did not civilize the rest of Europe. They only ranked for a time as the farthest advanced in civilization. It was an indigenous development. At last the archaeologists are stumbling onto this fact, long patent to the careful student, and the knowledge appears to surprise them wonderfully.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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ELM AVENUE, LEXINGTON.

LOQUACIOUS SQUATTERS.

Queer Folks One Meets While Traveling Over Stretches of Prairie.

Journeying across the prairie in which ever way the road runs, we at length overtake the strangest looking cavalcade imaginable—a dilapidated wagon with a dirty, ragged cover, drawn by an ill assorted team of a very small horse and an oversized mule long since fit subjects for the boneyard. The driver is a dirt begrimed, tobacco stained, low visaged man, while his wife and family, which last is much too numerous for even a wealthy man, are if anything more dirty, more ragged and more disheveled than himself. On a tall, gaunt mule rides the eldest son and heir (?), driving before him a herd of two cows, a calf, one sheep, a goat and an old, blind, lame horse, while two mangy, mongrel curs trot in the rear as if only too fully aware of their miserable existence. Occasionally the jaded team essays to move out of a walk, but as quickly relapses into the pace which for many weary months has been its accustomed gait.

As we rode up the following dialogue ensued:

"Howdy."

"Howdy."

"Traveling?"

"Travelin' rite smart."

Arlington Advocate

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave

Published every Friday afternoon, by
CHARLES S. PARKER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Arlington, Jan. 20, 1893.

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Gen. Butler's Funeral

Was a fitting exhibition of the respect Massachusetts pays to the memory of those who have filled the chief office in the State, and the thousands flocking to Lowell to witness the pageant was an illustration of the deep hold General Butler had on the affections of the people. Now that all occasion for controversies and political differences are past, all realize his sterling worth and signal ability in a variety of fields. His long-time home at Lowell has always honored him with its respect and love, and on Monday last put forth every effort to make a fitting display of their respect for the man, the soldier, the statesman, and honor to the name and fame he had won.

We presume our young friends have frequently in the past heard their elders talk of "an old-fashioned winter." After the experiences of the past month they in their turn will be able to tell the same old story to the youth of the coming generation, for there is no question but the present winter bears all the marks of the old-fashioned visitor. In short, it is a veritable return of the native. The mercury has been searching out depths to which it has long been a stranger. The snow, while it has not fallen so heavily here, has yet come with a frequency which makes up for quantity. Furthermore, this winter is not a local one. The East and the West, Europe and America, alike are the recipients of its attention.

Wednesday evening's papers announced the death of ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, the nineteenth President of the United States, aged 71 years. President Hayes won his military title of General by meritorious service in the war of the rebellion, which he entered under the title of Major in the regiment Gen. Rosecrans then commanded as Colonel. As President he gave to the country an every way creditable administration, and since then his blameless life and active interest in a variety of philanthropic enterprises has enhanced the high reputation for honesty and probity he had achieved in public office. Mrs. Hayes died a few years ago, and only four of their eight children survive their parents.

The formal action of the Legislature has elected as United States Senator from Massachusetts for six years from March 4, 1893, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, the action of the recent caucus being fully ratified in the elective event. In the House Mr. Lodge received 161 votes to 71 cast for Hon. P. A. Collins, and in the Senate the vote was Lodge 20; Collins 10. The day following this vote the two houses met in joint convention with the same result as above announced. From the announcement of the vacancy to be filled until now, few have had serious doubts who would succeed Senator Dawes, while the younger element of the party and supporters of Mr. Lodge have been confident the mass of the voters of the State would endorse his candidacy. The fitness of Mr. Lodge to completely fill the duties of his high office, his political enemies even frankly admit. We believe he is to be a worthy successor of the most honored who have made Massachusetts felt in all that pertained to national legislation in years past, and that he will prove himself a statesman whose leadership many will be glad to acknowledge.

Mr. Lodge is the thirty-sixth man who has been honored by the state of Massachusetts with a seat in the United States Senate since Congress was organized in 1789. It is an interesting coincidence, by the way, that the great-grandfather of Mr. Lodge, George Cabot, was a United States Senator from Massachusetts just a century ago, he having been elected in 1791 to serve until 1796. His grandson's term will expire in 1899, so that there will be three years in the two centuries when the great-grandfather and the great-grandson will have been wearing the same toga, with a century between them.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Seagraves, called upon to mourn the death of their only child this week. Mr. Seagraves was formerly a resident of Arlington and is now one of the proprietors of the Cambridge Chronicle.

Messrs. J. F. Hutchinson, of Lexington, and N. L. Chaffin, of Arlington, are off for the South on a tour of observation and enjoyment, which will include hunting for game as occasion serves.

New Home Sewing Machine, 160 Tremont St., Boston. Agents wanted.

Hon. Henry B. Lovering has felt it his duty to resign as warden of the State Prison, and Governor Russell has accepted the same. There seems to be no question that lack of ability and absence of previous business training are alone responsible for his failure to discharge properly the duties of his important office, received in payment of a political debt. Warden Lovering bases his action on different grounds. In his letter to the Governor he says:—

"In taking this step I am actuated solely by a desire to be relieved from the weary burden of incongruous conditions which attach to the position of warden and handicap him in the performance of his duties. Had the Legislature heeded Your Excellency's recommendations, thrice made for a more perfect system of responsibility in prison management, and given the warden absolute power over his subordinate officers, while holding him solely responsible for the management of the institution, it would have strengthened his hands in the performance of his duties. Unnecessary friction avoided, and his authority fully respected, it would have clothed him in the substance instead of the shadow of executive authority, and made him warden in something other than mere name."

The following is the standing of the teams in the Amateur Bowling League at the close of last week:—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Casino.....	17	14	3
Newton.....	17	14	3
Vesper.....	17	14	3
Salem.....	17	14	3
Melrose Highlands.....	17	12	5
Chelsea.....	17	12	5
Melrose Athletic.....	17	10	7
Waverly.....	17	9	8
Arlington.....	17	8	9
Jeffries Winter.....	17	8	9
Kernwood.....	17	6	11
Lowell Highlands.....	17	5	12
Jamaica Plain.....	17	5	12
Oxford.....	17	4	13
Somerville.....	17	4	13
Old Dorchester.....	16	3	13
Allston.....	17	2	15

Since this table was made up the Arlington Boat Club team has materially bettered its standing, as it ought to do, considering her standing in the total of pins knocked down.

The proposed abolition of the pension agencies throughout the country, in order to save \$500,000 in salaries, looks like saving at the pigout. The way to cut down the pension expenditures is to purge the pension roll by striking out the names that do not belong there.—Herald.

Why does not the Herald name some of those who ought to be stricken from the pension roll? Its reiteration of the statement made above gives the impression that it has some specific information, and if so, let it be made public. Who are these veterans whose names do not belong on the list of pensioners? And how came they there? The insinuation which the Herald is constantly throwing out should be withdrawn long enough to make a direct charge. Then the roll could be "purged" if it was made to appear that the man had no right to a pension. It is very easy to make the charge which the Herald seems to delight in, but not so easy to prove it. But, should not the Herald be direct rather than general, or does it wish to have it understood that it is opposed to all pensions? If it is, the manly way is to say so, and make its fight in straightforward fashion and not in the way it has been proceeding of late.—Lynn Item.

Within a week three generals who served with distinction during the war of the rebellion, loved comrades in the G. A. R., have joined "the grand army above." Of two of them (Gen. Butler and Gen. Hayes) we have already spoken. The third was the famous Gen. Rufus Ingalls, who as Q. M. General of the Army of the Potomac was the one above all others on whom the army commanders relied, because unless an army is well fed it cannot fight. Gen. Grant placed in him implicit reliance, and was never disappointed. The consequence was that between them there grew to be the closest intimacy, and the great general's remark, "If Rufe could have been spared from the Q. M. Dept. he would have made his mark as a great military captain," was Grant's measure of his abilities. There were times when consummate generalship and high courage were necessary in the execution of his prosaic duties, and that he was equal to any emergency, and was yet content to serve where neither military fame or the world's plaudits could be won, was evidence of his sterling worth.

Lawyer Wm. E. Spear, who has been selected as the man to take the place of United States Commissioner left vacant by the death of Judge Hallett, is a pleasant genial gentleman of perhaps 45 years. He is a lawyer of repute in the legal circles of Boston, having been on several important government cases.

Representative Bennett says he is in no way a candidate for the honor of Representative to Congress from the Seventh District.

Specimen Cases. S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at the drug stores of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 22.

Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.

Topic.—God's covenant. If thou wilt, . . . then. Zech. iii. 7; John xv. 7, 8.

God's covenants are usually conditional promises. In the covenant with Noah that the world should not again be destroyed by flood, which was unconditional, we see an exception to this general rule. God's principal covenants are the covenant of works, salvation and blessing promised on condition of perfect obedience to the law, and the covenant of grace salvation promised upon condition of faith in Jesus Christ. In each of these covenants we see the underlying principle, If thou wilt, . . . then. In the former it was, If thou wilt obey, then thou shalt be saved. In the latter it is, If thou wilt believe, then thou shalt be saved. In each of these principal covenants were innumerable secondary covenants, attendant promises with their conditions. It is to two of these, and not to either principal covenant, that our topic directs us.

1. "If thou wilt walk in my ways, and if thou wilt keep my charge, then thou shalt also judge my house, and shalt also keep my courts, and I will give thee the places to walk among these that stand by thee" (Zech. iii. 7). Here an angel gives Joshua a conditional promise as representative of the Jewish priesthood. The condition was personal good behavior and official faithfulness. The promise was continuance in office, oversight of the temple courts and companionship with angels, probably meaning eternal life. This promise applied to priests and now to ministers. But all were not priests and all are not ministers. To make it universally applicable it may be summed up practically thus: If thou wilt be faithful in thy sphere, then shalt thou be rewarded accordingly. This makes it practical to all. The priest must be faithful as priest, the people as people. All of us may not have high positions in the church, but God expects of us only obedience in the position we occupy, be it high or low. Some have ten talents, some five and some perhaps only one. Of those who have five talents, a ten talent service and ability is not required. From one talent God neither asks nor expects using for five talents. This is God's conditional promise to all. If thou wilt be faithful in whatever station of life thou hast been placed, to whatever talents and opportunities have been given to thee, then thou shalt have honor and blessing in this life, and in the world to come eternal life.

2. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John xv. 7). These are words of Jesus in his farewell discourse to his disciples. It is also a conditional promise. The promise is answer to prayer. The condition is abiding in Christ. To abide in Christ means to have a constant living union with him, as the branch is united to the vine. His words abide in us when we receive them in faith and love, by personal study or other instruction, lay them up in our hearts and practice them in our lives. This promise still holds good. If Christ and his words abide richly in us, prayer will be answered. What promise could be richer and grander to the children of need? Let us fulfill the conditions that we may receive the promise.

Bible References.—Gen. iv. 8-7; Deut. vii. 12; xxviii. 1-8; Lev. xxvi. 3-9; Ps. xxxii. 5; Prov. viii. 2; Dan. iii. 17; Math. v. 23, 24; John viii. 19; Col. i. 21-23; Heb. iii. 6; 1 Pet. iv. 14-19; 1 John i. 9.

God's Chosen Land.

This American nation has no right to live if it is not a missionary nation. I speak not now merely of foreign missionary operations, technically so called. I mean that America is the land of light and liberty in order that it may impart light and liberty to others. When it refuses to impart, it ceases to be God's chosen land.

What is true of the nation is true of the individual. Are you specially favored? Have you culture, refinement, comfort, friends, a lovely home? Why? Stop a moment and ponder that question. Why has God picked you out as one of his favorites on whom to bestow much while others go barren and deserted? Why? He has appointed you by your prosperity to be the bearer to others of what you have thus received.—Lyman Abbott in Christian Union.

Christian Endeavor Notes.

The Endeavor society of the South Bushwick Reformed church, of Brooklyn, calls the roll of associate members at consecration meeting. They are expected merely to answer, "Present," but it has been the experience of that society that the roll call makes the attendance of the associates more regular.

The members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor connected with the Madanapalle (India) School for Boys have been very active in preaching the Gospel. About 16,000 people were reached through their efforts during the past year.

Missionary committees can hardly find a better motto for their work than this sentence by Mr. A. S. Wilson, the secretary of the South Australia union: "As individuals we were won to win; as societies we were formed to form."

Up to a few weeks ago the United States officials knew of no Christian Endeavor societies in Madagascar. Now they know of thirty. A few weeks ago Secretary Baer knew of no societies in France. Now word has come that the good seed has quietly grown there and has sprung up in several Parisian "societes d'Action Cretienne," as well as Societies at St. Quentin, Les Termes and elsewhere.

There are 800 societies of Christian Endeavor, with a membership of 80,000.

The New Jersey state convention of Christian Endeavor societies elected the following officers for the year: President, Rev. J. Judson Pierson, Woodbury; vice presidents, Rev. J. Clement French, D. J. Newark; Mrs. Alice May Scudder, Jersey City; Rev. Frank B. Everett, Trenton; secretary and treasurer, Miss Caroline H. Brookfield, Belvidere.

The story of the poverty of the late Hon. Samuel J. Randall is going the rounds of the newspapers again. It is said that he left very little property at the close of a long life in the public service, and heirs greatly praised for it. It is not to his credit. When ever a man who has been in public life, on a good salary, for thirty or forty years, dies poor, it shows the lack of qualities which are necessary for a well balanced man. It is assumed that when a public man dies penniless it is proof that he has been honest. It is really only a proof that he has been thriftless, and has either wasted his money or been unable to keep other people from getting it away from him. It is no more creditable to him to leave his family destitute than it would be for a private citizen to do so. Every man who has a fair income should lay aside a part of it, and without miserliness or meanness leave enough behind him to care for his family.—Cambridge Chronicle.

On Wednesday afternoon, about one o'clock, an unoccupied house on the estate of Hon. A. W. Beard, just over the Arlington line in Lexington, was discovered to be on fire and help was sought from Arlington. The "Chemical" and "Hook and Ladder" companies responded and succeeded in saving the large barn which caught fire from the burning dwelling. The burned building had been recently undergoing repairs, and it is supposed the fire caught from stoves used to dry out the rooms. This building was entirely consumed, causing a loss of about \$3,000 on which there was an insurance. No alarm was given in Lexington.

Keep it in the house and it will save you many an anxious moment during the changes of season and weather; we refer to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best remedy for cough and cold.

Pach's studio, at Harvard square, is furnishing some of our most fastidious citizens with satisfactory photographs. Mr. Tupper, the genial manager, is especially noted for his success with the little ones, never failing to please them and so catch their best expression. No stairs to climb. Horse cars pass the door.

The granting of a new trial to Dr. Graves, convicted of the murder by poison of Mrs. Barnaby, may have the effect of leaving him free from further prosecution, but the circumstantial evidence on which he was convicted, brought the crime home to him with singular clearness and the motive for the deed was equally apparent from the earliest stage of the trial.

It is suggested that baby Ruth Cleveland, as the representative child of America, be chosen to press the button that shall set the machinery of the great World's Fair in motion next May. The Infanta Isabella of Spain has declined the honor of this position tendered by the Commissioners.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Jan. 18, by Rev. S. C. Bushnell, J. Henry Brown, of Charlestown, and Miss Anne S. Hufnaster, of Arlington.

In Arlington, Jan. 12, by Rev. P. M. O'Connor, Peter A. Lyons and Miss Bridget McConarty, both of Arlington.

In Woburn, Jan. 11, by Rev. John W. Suter, James Cramond and Miss Jimma Hamilton, both of Arlington.

In Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, at the residence of Hon. S. N. Castle, Mr. Henry N. Castle, editor of the Commercial Advertiser of Honolulu, and Miss Mabel R. Wing, of Lexington, Mass., late of the faculty of Oahu College, Honolulu. No cards.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 15, Mrs. Bertha L., wife of Robert A. Ware, aged 33 years, 1 month, 24 days.

In Arlington, Jan. 17, Alice, daughter of William J. and Margaret McAllester, aged 22 days.

In Arlington, Mrs. Livonia C. Eastman, aged 62 years.

In Lexington, Jan. 15, Sarah A., widow of the late Charles A. Butters, aged 82 years, 10 months.

Special Notices.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

In behalf of the Firemen's Relief Association I take this public method of acknowledging the receipt of the sum of two hundred dollars from Mr. Charles N. Bacon, to be applied for the uses of our association, and on behalf of my associates tender him our sincere thanks.

CHARLES GOTT, President.

Arlington, Jan. 18, 1893.

LOST, on the train leaving Boston at 10.20, p. m., on Wednesday evening, a small neck box of books for. The finder will be suitably rewarded by communicating with box 218, Arlington, and returning the same.

WANTED.

At once, 16 young ladies, none need apply unless they have school certificate under 18 years; light and steady work. Apply to A. A. FOWLE, Arlington.

TO LET.

The store occupied by Mr. J. S. Spaulding as a shoe store is to let. Address MR. SPAULDING at 124 Federal street, Boston.

Bill-heads, Note-heads, Letter-heads, Circulars, and Programmes at short notice at this office.

FOR SALE OR TO LET

One of the best situated estates in Lexington, four acres; house and stable; beautiful view and all fruits. Apply to STEPHEN TYNG, 80 Devonshire St., Room 18, Boston.



It Hurts

nothing that can be washed or cleaned—Pearline. The purest soap is no safer—the poorest soap is no cheaper. It is more effective than the strongest—it is more convenient than the best. Pearline saves labor and wear in washing clothes or cleaning house. A few cents will let you try it; common sense will make you use it.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York.



"Who's that?" demanded Minny.

There were many "Divided Houses" during the Rebellion. Brothers parted upon the border lines separating the contending forces. Many were never reunited, falling in unknown graves. But instances have been reserved for the writers of our war literature, out of which are woven most captivating stories. We have one for our readers—one of the novelist's best—

A Divided House.

Copyrighted and Finely Illustrated. It will come soon.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

Whereas, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Lowell, on the first Tuesday of September, A. D., 1892.

On the petition of the citizens of the town of Arlington for the relocation of Mystic street in said town, from Arlington avenue to the Winchester line, and the laying out of a new highway from Mystic street, near the residence of John S. Crosby, to a point on Water street near its junction with Russell street, it was adjudged that said alterations were of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Selectmen's Room, in Arlington, on the third day of February next, at 9.30 of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Asst. Clerk.

December 24, 1892.

A true copy.

Attest: GEO. W. W. SAVILLE, Deputy Sheriff.

30dec 3w

Shorthand

And

Typewriting

School for young ladies, 36 Bromfield st., Boston. For particulars apply to MISS M. S. HARDY, box 154, Arlington. Pupils aided to positions.

Adaline S. Whitney, M. D.,

Office Hours: 2 to 4, P. M. Monument st., Lexington.

TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, FREE.

TO RESIDENTS OF STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE BOSTON GLOBE has inaugurated another grand voting contest, whereby the most popular teacher of either sex, the most popular postal employee of either sex, the most popular employee of either sex in any store or mercantile business, including telegraph and telephone operators; the most popular policeman in any city or town; the most popular fireman or member of any fire department, and the most popular journeyman mechanic of any recognized trade in the State of Massachusetts can be voted for (on GLOBE coupons). The offer includes Pullman sleepers, meals en route, first-class hotels in Chicago, a ticket of admission to the fair for seven days while there. The whole trip to occupy ten days.



30dec

TO LET.

House on the corner of Arlington avenue and Franklin street, conveniently located with all modern improvements. Enquire of O. W. MARSTON.

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Two tenements in the Stevens' house, on Main street, of 7 rooms each. Apply to LEWIS WILK.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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Charles B. Clark, Prescription Druggist.

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Whitening and all kinds of Jobbing done.

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RED-HOT ULSTERS, 30.00

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Branches.

New and Second-Hand Carriages on hand for sale.

Particular attention paid to shoeing lame horses.

28oct-ly

Investigation.

Four years' residence in Arlington and No Dr. in my practice, and yet I have taken quite a number of the (so called) incurables under my charge.—Such as an old gentleman with softening of the brain; a case of Bright's disease of the kidney, passing blood; another who was compelled to get out of bed six or eight times every night; another of cancer of the lips and throat from 40 years' use of tobacco after trying Allo and Homeopathic M. D.'s, only to throw away his money. In Mr. Sweeney's store he said, in the presence of Mr. Bradley, you are going to make me well and as an act of gratitude I am going to give you \$100. His tobacco habit is stopped. Another case of 24 years' cough and 24 years' trials of wallowing drugs.

During the above 4 years a young physician and a doctor's son have died in Arlington. I have many more startling cures to refer to in A. and yet some men and women are so wedded to the family M. D. that they will swallow his pills and powders only to die. I have seen four funerals in two days. During the above time I have taken thousands of cases of Consumption, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Dyspepsia, etc., under my charge all over the U. S., with only six deaths among them all. Winn's and Johnson's expressed their gratitude by giving me 1000 packages away from my laboratory, and Mr. Oakman probably 100 packages to Colorado Florida, California, and yet my neighbors will not believe my assertion, that I have cured thousands of persons, and Dr. McClintock (for 25 years connected with a medical college in Philadelphia) said "Drugs have killed more persons than all wars combined." I have seen my acquaintances will not believe him or the writer, but will be experimented upon and die only to benefit the undertaker.

I claim my mission is second only to the clergy and yet they are also apathetic and will not call upon me or investigate Omnipathy; and yet will read in a loud voice Paul's significant declaration, to "Prove all Things." Is there any saint or prophet who has cured 24 years' cough and other pathies for 6 years before I received my diploma in 1848. I have had 30 years experience. The editor of the ADVOCATE saw in my office the Smith who had 24 tumors cut out of her neck three times, the last time in the Mass Gen'l Hospital, only to return larger and more painful than before, and yet by Omnipathic means, applied to the skin, and no drugs swallowed, they have all disappeared. I have refused all my life to treat physicians or their families although asked to do so hundreds of times. Recently I have taken 12 M. D.'s under my charge. Dr. F., of Springfield, is one of them and he is as smart as any other M. D. in New England. CONSULTATION FREE.

New! Cautious! Send me 30 cents in stamps and it will be sent to you by mail. One Arlington gent bought six of them. Four pamphlets sent to you free.

"The Tobacco Sign." A book of 125 pages, sent to you on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. The Boston Post said, April 24, 1890, "For information this book is invaluable." Call or address DR. C. A. GREENE, 178 Tremont street (Not the Nervous Greene.) Pamphlets are free.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

—Wednesday evening, Jan. 18th, another of the series of dramatic entertainments came off at the Village Hall, which was more than filled with an appreciative audience. Merrill's orchestra furnished fine music during the evening. The entertainment opened with the comic drama, in two acts, "A Black Diamond," followed by the farce "Prof. Baxter's Great Invention; or, old made young." The cast in "A Black Diamond" was as follows: Hulda, "A Black Diamond,"—Mr. Clarence H. Wilbur, who had on a short dress and long sleeves tied and hair tied with bright colored ribbons. Then came the cousins boarding in the country, viz: Emily Makepeace, Annette Arizelle; Minnie Makepeace, Mabel Smith; Annie Makepeace, Grace S. Leavitt; Dr. Harris; Matilda Makepeace (their aunt), Miss Carrie Fiske; Claremont Goodell (a college graduate working on the farm for his board), Carlton Worthen; Capt. Charles Houston, Frank Whitton; George Radford, Carlton A. Childs; the last two being English dudes. The play was simple and natural, but at the same time there were many parts which required skill in the acting and much practice to make the play the success which it certainly was. Too many adjectives weaken rather than strengthen praise, so we shall not particularize, but let the pleasant memory of it to the audience be its eulogy. The play showed that it does not do to judge a diamond by the rough exterior. Dudes may wear the outward garb of gentlemen and that be all, and still we may be foolish and bow down to them while we snub the rich squire when she wears the disguise of a "poor, uninteresting metaphysician." There are often seen black-smeared Huldas who feel obliged to say, when they try to convince us of their truthfulness.

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26 Bromfield St., Boston.

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Regular Jobber,
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lars, clean paint, windows, and all
kinds of odd jobs. Orders received at
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10. "In that day, saith the Lord of Hosts, shall ye call every man his neighbor under the vine and under the fig tree." In I Kings 10:23, this language describes the peace and prosperity of the kingdom under Solomon. Here and in Mic. iv, 4, it describes the tranquil prosperity and millennial blessedness of the coming kingdom under a greater man than Solomon, of the increase of whose government and peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to order it and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even forever. The seal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this (Isa. ix, 7).

Boston Office, No. 55 Kilby Street, Room 1.

JOHN W. WHELAN, member of N. Y. Stock Ex-

LOVE THAT LOITERS.

They will bring their hoarded kindness
When our ears are deaf to love;
When the grasses wave above
And bewail their present blindness.

When we cannot heed regret
They will waste their shallow tears,
As if such could pay arrears
Or discharge the living debt.

They must know we shall not crave
Sunshine in yon grim retreat;
Gifts of life, however sweet,
Yet they keep them for the grave.

Though the grave has but despair,
And but hollow echoes wait,
All who knock at that ward gate,
Still they pour their treasure there.

Let the snowy shaft aspire;
We shall never read the lie;
Grief appears the marble high,
But remorse can rear it higher.

They will come when we are dead,
When to love our lips are dumb;
Then our lagard friends will come
And strew flowers overhead.

—Mrs. N. B. Morange in New York Advertiser.

AMADO.

I had not seen Sawyer—"Cal," as we called him—since we parted at Harvard upon commencement day, when, full of fervor and the class punch of '81, we swore to keep one another in sight. Cal went home and into leather, and I to a desk in Wall street. Now, five years later, I had almost run over my old college mate in my nightly mad rush for the L. I seized him by the arm and bore him along, postponing apologies until I had him packed into my little-up town flat and introduced to my wife, who was the dearest woman on earth to me still, and who I knew could comfort and console the tall Californian as I could not, for I had already discovered that Sawyer had come east in pursuit of the emigre Weibliche.

When dinner was over my wife slipped away to see if the baby was really sleeping as only such "bald-headed tyrants" can, leaving us unnecessary and irresponsible men smoking and reminiscing in my den of 5 by 9.

Suddenly a blow on the door startled Sawyer almost out of his chair.

"His majesty wishes to come in," I said, rising and opening the door.

"What a magnificent brute!" exclaimed Sawyer.

"Not 'brute,' if you please, Cal, but my friend. Amado, kindly shake hands with my old friend here and then compose yourself. You know your are rather pervasive in a room of this size."

My mastiff gravely did as he was bid and then settled himself at my side with a thud that made the things shake on the table.

"That's about the only uncivilized thing about him," I said, laughing. "He still remembers that his wild ancestors had to make their bed in the wilderness and crushed the tangle of vine and root under them."

Sawyer, who was quite as much of an animal lover as myself, knelt down beside the dog, fairly running over his points of beauty and of breeding—his coat of delicate fawn, silvery on flank and shoulder; his breadth of chest and strength of loin, the velvet blackness of his muzzle, the whiteness of his teeth, the clear brown of his eyes, the pure, rich scarlet of his tongue, the black markings of the month and the sinewy power of his straight, wide jaws.

"Where did you find such a magnificent dog, you exorable fellow?" asked Sawyer as he seated himself and righted his cigar.

"Dear old chum! He is getting passive and rheumatic. I've owned him now three years, and I've never yet regretted the small fortune I had to pay to get him from the former owner—a person wholly unworthy to possess even a pug. But it is for better reasons than points or pedigree that he is beloved next to the boy, and even the boy can't put his nose out of joint. He was the dens ex machina that gave me my wife."

"Ah! That sounds interesting," said Sawyer. "Tell me the whole story. I've confided to you my plight, and you won't find a better listener."

I had never before felt the least inclination to babble of my own affairs, past or present, but if I could soothe and distract the mind of this old classmate that was plainly my duty. "Very well, then, here goes for it. You will find it as mild as a homeopathic pellet, but it was interesting enough to me." I said this with well affected indifference, but was really eager to begin.

"Margaret—my wife—and I had grown up together in a little town in southern Ohio. You know the kind perhaps—everything pastoral and religious, all church and no chaperons—where the boys and girls were allowed, the utmost liberty, a liberty, it must be admitted, they did not abuse, but used and enjoyed with a sort of sturdy sanity and self respect impossible in this sophisticated, crowded city of conventionalities. We—she and I—lived side by side and held long and confidential conversations over the stiff, green wire fence that separated our grape arbor from her bed of tea roses. I saved the last sweet, frosty bunch for her, and at the first chill hint of winter helped her cover her roses with straw, making their tall stalks inlo queer, angular scarecrows for Jack Frost's terrifying.

"My mother was a New Englander, and the thirst for knowledge of books and men that smoldered in her breast flamed into power for her only son, and to I was sent to Harvard. While still a freshman I came to regard my native town as the vanishing point in the perspective of an inglorious past. With what a lofty smile I should have received the hint that the dark eyed little girl whom I had left to tie her roses alone might one day simply avenge all my slights!

"I concealed my boyish delight in life under the most pronounced and classic indifference, and I wonder even now how ever my mother could put up with me. My old friends laughed at my airs and my reformed accent, secretly disliking and envying me. I naturally found it much pleasanter to spend my vacations in the soothing atmosphere of beings like myself, after a brief visit to my mother.

"During these occasions I saw Margaret only once or twice, and always carried away the disturbing impression that she was in no way impressed either by my superior manners or talents. This was slightly annoying, as she was far and away prettier than any girl of my acquaintance, east or west. To be sure, I had made her blush—such an exquisite red—but it was with vexation. Upon my first departure we had written one another quite regularly, but about the middle of my first year I received a letter from her, in which she professed humbly to believe that her western ways were but a burden to such an exalted being as I had become—and wrote no more. Her letters were so fresh and individual that I missed them, but I was fatuous enough to accept her silence as a simple hearted tribute to my worth. I say, Sawyer, when a man is a fool how many different ways he finds to show it!"

"Or when he is in love!" added Sawyer ruefully.

"That stage was to come soon enough. Along the last months of the year I had caught 'winged words' here and there regarding some not impossible she, spending a year in Boston, who had become a creator of contention between various givers of college 'spreads.' You were in '80 and of course not interested. Would this she accept one or all of the invitations showered upon her? Would she like Van Rensselaer's rooms best, filled as they were with old colonial furniture and silver, or would she prefer to linger at Tarry's, in a purely Bohemian atmosphere, with boxing gloves and burrings?"

"The affair promised to be interesting, and I was bent upon being a witness possibly myself not wholly unnoticed. It was therefore with a very bad grace that I read in a letter from my mother that Margaret Burton was in Boston, and asking me to see that she was suitably initiated into the preciousness of things Harvardian. And yet I was piqued enough when in answer to my formal note—I had dispensed with the needful call—I received a closely worded little note saying that she had already accepted for 'spreads' at Weeds and Halworthy. I had of course supposed that she knew nobody, and had been by no means averse to act the modern mentor to a fair Telmachia. Of course you've guessed the end. Even an expert detective would have a clew by this."

"But I was as unsuspicious as any a foregone conclusion can make one, and when I sauntered into White's rooms at Halworthy and saw Margaret surrounded by 'the superlatives,' as we call them, smiling, gracious, witty and wholly at ease, I was dumfounded, overcome, ecstasie. Whether it was that my nativity spoke for me, or as I think now, from pure womanly kindness, Margaret neither scorned me, as I deserved, nor froze me, as she well knew how. She gave me her hand in its long yellow glove, made a place beside her, and then seemed to quite forget me."

"I've made a lengthy preamble, but the denouement is at hand. Suffice it that the next year I was her slavish shadow. I climbed awkwardly down out of the rarefied air of my superiority, content to be in the same world with her. She perhaps suspected the truth of one of my own epigrams—that it is only an unrequited love that makes a man good and keeps him humble. She was sweet and frank and charming, but she had no blushes to hide from me. There were no quarrels to make up, and while I got as many smiles as the rest—and the rest were many and ardent—I was never given a confidence nor made trembling witness of a tear."

"Wherever Margaret went I followed, usually on a later train, as I was always forbidden if I stated my intentions. Now comes the crisis, modestly dramatic! Margaret had gone to Narragansett for a week. After two days I found the town insupportably hot, and getting off late arrived at the hotel about 11 o'clock. There was dancing in the ballroom, and as I registered at the desk through the wide doors I could see the lights and the moving figures. As I hesitated there, making up my mind, as there was no chance of a dance

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with her, to grumble crossly off to bed and a lover's dreams, a child, almost a baby, dashed suddenly out of the side corridor and ran, screaming shrilly, through the doors and down the aisle made by the dancers, who were beginning the lancers.

"Behind the child came an enormous mastiff, his eyes blazing, a length of red tongue showing between his dripping jaws. I do not know to this day how I got there, but an instant later I stood in the middle of the ballroom holding the child high in the air. Then the child began to pound my head and face, kicking violently. The dog stood by my side wagging his tail. A roar from the men and a heartless giggle from the women began to enlighten me. When the child's mother took him from me and began resentfully to smooth down his tumbled locks I quite understood."

"The dog was the pet and victim of this infant terrible, and I the hero of a comedy. Cruelly mortified and deeply disgusted, I turned to go. Somebody stepped out of the group nearest me. It was Margaret. She held out her hand to me, and in her eyes I read something sweeter than pity. I bought the dog, who was of course Amado."

"At the sound of his name the mastiff opened one eye sleepily and beat with his great tail on the floor.—Dorothea Lummis in Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Evades His Own Instructions.

F. Marion Crawford says that he thinks there is a richer field for the novelist in the United States than in Europe. And yet Mr. Crawford confines his attention largely to Italy and neglects the "original characters" of America, whom he so much admires.—Rochester Herald.

A Brave Man.

The man who has never needed to have any teeth pulled out is the loudest in advising the sufferer to "brace up like a man and have the thing out at once."—Exchange

Under the arches of the Rue de Rivoli a blind man bears on his breast a picture representing indistinctly an earthquake or an explosion of firebrand. A gentleman stopped and kindly questioned the poor beggar.

"Tell me, my good man, in what country that catastrophe occurred of which you have been the victim."

"I can't tell. I bought the painting at an auction sale."—Lyon Republican.

One of the late Leopold Morse's hobbies was the rehabilitation of the American navy, and his plan of proceeding was thoroughly characteristic. He insisted on the government giving out all its shipbuilding to contractors instead of attempting to do any in its own yards. "Spread de work ofer de whole coast," he would say in his Bavarian dialect, "and you vill haf efery congressman from a seaport district voting for your appropriations because bart of 'em vill go to his own beopie. In dat vay you git a fullkrown naffy in apont tree years."—Kate Field's Washington.

One Use of Mathematics.

In an offhand sketch of Professor Chrystal, one of his old pupils tells how this mathematician made his science aid him in the management of his class. The daring spirits—say those who were going into their father's office, and so did not look upon Chrystal as a door locked to their advancement—sought to bring sunshine into the room. Chrystal soon had the blind down on that.

To relieve the monotony, a student at the end of bench ten dropped a marble, which toppled slowly downward toward the professor. At every step it took there was a smothered gasp, but Chrystal, who was working at the board, did not turn his head. When the marble reached the floor he said, still with his back to the class:

"Will the student at the end of bench ten, who dropped that marble, stand up?" All eyes dilated. He had counted the falls of the marble from step to step.—Chicago Post.

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10 June 04.

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The property of the Hancock Congregational Society, Junction of Bedford and Hancock sts., containing about 15000 square feet of land, including buildings thereon. To be sold to be given upon the completion of the new church edifice. Apply to the Prudential Committee of said society.

12 Feb 04

Distributing Time Tables.

It is a fact not generally known that the furnishing of railroad time tables to the hotels of the city is performed by a regularly incorporated company, who make that work their sole occupation.

Something had to be done to correct the evil of having old time tables in the coatroom and porters' closets of the hotels which gave nothing but misinformation to the traveler, if indeed he could find any time table at all, and so the general passenger agent of one of the trunk line roads hit upon the scheme of forming a time table supply company. This was done about a year ago and has now assumed large proportions.

The profits in the business are considerable and come from the railroad companies. Some seventy or eighty of the prominent roads of the country are subscribers. They supply their folders and time slips to the company and subscribe liberally for the work of having them distributed among the large hotels and other resorts of New York and Brooklyn. The company furnishes each hotel with a neat rack, either stationary or revolving, and supports a delivery wagon and an agent, whose duty it is to make the rounds weekly, putting new time tables in place and replenishing the depleted supply.

As a consequence it is a far easier and more certain matter to obtain accurate information in New York regarding the movements of western and southern trains than it ever was before, and every one who has waited for an hour or more at a lonesome railway station or has lost a half day through misinformation will bless the genius who invented a railway time table supply company.—New York Herald.

Old and Young.

We are clear that it is by no means the special defect of our time that the old do not enter heartily into the life of the young. Comparing the present generation with generations past, we should say that one of the most distinctive notes of the present day is the sympathy which the old for the young—a sympathy which the young generally and rather heartily appreciate, but which they do not very often reciprocate. Instead of conversing so as to turn "the back of the conversation" toward the old, they usually expect and confidently expect that a good deal of its life and interest will be contributed by the old and are rather scandalized if the expectation be disappointed.

In fact they habitually expect the old to be juvenile in their interests, and they are very much seldom disappointed than the young people of forty or fifty years ago, if they had formed the same expectations (which they certainly did not often do), would have been. Just as the rich are now habitually expected (and very often justify the expectation) to find their deepest interest in alleviating the condition of the poor, so the old are now habitually expected to find their deepest interest in rendering the pursuits and pleasures of the young still more attractive; nor do they very often disappoint expectation.—London Spectator.

Hidden Treasure of British Royalty.

King John was both a seeker for and hider of treasure. We find him digging for treasure in Northumberland about the sites of the stations on the Roman wall, and he was reputed to have stores of treasure in his favorite strongholds. Somewhere buried in the sandy estuaries of Lincolnshire are the golden crowns and jewels of King John, with the chests of treasure that were carried in his train. But we speculate, too, about other hoards, chiefly buried beneath the foundations of his castle walls, the secret of which was lost in the sudden death of the greedy king.

Again there is a royal treasure perhaps at this moment lying hid in some rocky chasms of the mountains of Wales—nothing less than the treasure of King Edward II, which he carried with him in his flight from his triumphant queen and her paramour, and which they vainly, it would seem, after his capture endeavored to recover.—All the Year Round.

Knew the Species.

Spendall—I gave you that five dollars as a friendly tip. Why do you hand four dollars back?

Waiter—I like to keep everything on a business basis, sah. Gents wot's so very friendly w'en dey has money is apt to come round tryin to borrow w'en dey gets broke.—New York Weekly.

The Right Kind.

"When does the ghost walk?" inquired a new actor of the treasurer of a prosperous company.

"It doesn't walk at all," responded the treasurer; "it rides. How much do you want?"—Exchange.

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FITCHBURG DEPTOT.
10.30 A. M.
Lv. Boston via Fitchburg Central Vermont, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago 8.30 P. M., next evening, only one night out. Fare, \$18.00. First-class, Has Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Car Boston to Montreal, Vestibule Sleeping Car Montreal to Chicago.

MONTREAL LINE.

BOSTON & MAINE, Lowell Deptot.
11 A. M.
Lv. Boston via Boston & Maine, Concord & Montreal Central Vermont, arriving at Chicago 8.30 P. M., next evening, only one night out. Fare, \$18.00. First-class, Has Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Car Boston to Chicago without change.

*NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.

FITCHBURG DEPTOT.
3 P. M.
Lv. Boston via Fitchburg, West shore, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago next evening at 8.30 P. M. Fare, First-class, \$21.00. Has Sleeping Car to Niagara Falls, Sleeping Car Niagara Falls to Chicago.

NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.

FITCHBURG DEPTOT.
7 P. M.
Lv. Boston via Fitchburg, West shore, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago 8.00 P. M., the second morning. First-class Fare, \$21.00. Has Sleeping Car Boston to Chicago without change.

*MONTREAL LINE.

BOSTON & MAINE, Lowell Deptot.
7.15 P. M.
Lv. Boston via Boston & Maine, Concord & Montreal Central Vermont, arriving at Chicago 8.30 P. M., next evening, only one night out. Fare, \$18.00. First-class, Has Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Car Boston to Montreal, Vestibule Sleeping Car Montreal to Chicago.

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WHALEBONE IN PILES

A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH STORED IN ONE BUILDING.

How the Precious Stuff Is Guarded—Great Care Is Necessary in the Handling of the Product—Whalebone Is Very Valuable Nowadays.

In a little brick and stone structure on the Potrero shore of the bay there is a million dollars' worth of whalebone stored, and it is guarded as jealously as if it were so many twenty dollar gold pieces or its weight in precious stones. It is the property of the Pacific Steam Whaling company and came off the whaling barks Beluga, Mary D. Hume, Agenor and America, in from the arctic.

The building is a perfect vault with brick and stone sides, iron roof and iron doors. All around the top runs a perforated pipe by means of which the whole interior could be flooded if a fire should by any possibility break out. Rats are thick on the water front and can do a great deal of damage to a cargo of whalebone, so small iron doors have been put in to answer as barricades when the big ones are opened to air the place. Oilskins such as the fire patrol use are spread over the cargo as the final additional precaution that human ingenuity can suggest.

The uninitiated on first stepping into the cold, cheerless place, with its damp cement floor, are apt to wonder why it has all been done. The long black stalks don't look like much piled against the walls, and to hear their immense value set forth is enough to take the breath away. But the place does not always contain a \$1,000,000 stock. The season was a most profitable one and in consequence the warehouse is nearly full.

"The lady purchasing a few sticks of whalebone on her shopping tour scarcely realizes the immense risk and the great amount of labor necessary to place it on the counter," said W. R. Wand, one of the representatives of the whaling company. "There is a big risk even here. We can take no chances. In the rough, after a simple polishing, the bone is worth five dollars a pound, and we have at least 200,000 pounds on hand now. When the vessel docks at the wharf yonder we pitch in and work day and night until the cargo is housed here, and then we try to get it off on the railroad as soon as possible. While it is here this little structure is guarded day and night. A million dollars is something of a responsibility, I can assure you."

"Where does most of the bone go?" was asked. "A great deal of it goes to New York," replied Mr. Wand, "but most of the cutting is done in Paris and at Bremen. A little is done in London. We polish it out here, get the color, assort it out and put it up in bundles. Then it is forced through to its destination as rapidly as possible. You see, the bone with a light or pearl shade is worth more than the black and we have to separate it."

Several of the bundles bore the mark M. D. H. in a diamond. "That," said Mr. Wand, "is the name of the vessel from which the bone was taken, in this instance the Mary D. Hume, a vessel which brought the most valuable cargo ever received from the arctic seas. One or two of these bundles are marked 'cut,' you observe. That is to guide the buyer when the bone is offered for sale. It signifies that the bone is nicked on some portion of it. The value is greatly reduced, and we must therefore handle the cargo like eggs. If roughly handled a cargo of whalebone can be well ruined. The slightest cut in a stalk brings it down in value about one-half."

"The bone you know is the teeth of the whale, and a fair sized front molar is worth about fifty dollars. In every whale's jaw there are 478 teeth, and one good sized head is worth a good deal of money. On the last trip the men on the Jessie D. Freeman brought one big fellow alongside, the head of which produced 3,000 pounds of bone. The mouth of the whale is simply a huge suction pump. The monster travels along with his mouth wide open on the surface. The only food he will take is a little red bit of animal life that floats on the northern seas. He sucks in enough to make a good mouthful, and then ejects the water. The food is sifted down through the soft teeth, and is filtered like a lot of sawdust would be in a sieve."

"This black hair that fringes the bone has a separate value. It is cut from the teeth and is used for making fine furniture. It has become so valuable, however, that it cannot be used to any great extent."

"When do you expect to ship this cargo off?"

"As soon as ever Providence will let us. It is something extraordinary for us to have such an enormously valuable load here, and we won't hold it a day longer than necessary, I can assure you!"

"Ever troubled by thieves?"

"No," was the laughing response. "The bone is a trifle too heavy to run away with and the place is too well guarded. Fire is the greatest danger, and you can see how that has been guarded against."

Out in the bay six of the most unsightly ships that ever huddled together in port were tossing. Put up at auction the lot would scarcely bring its value in old lumber, but those hulks brought in as valuable a freight as many a treasure ship has been laden with.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Swede Violets." "About the best thing I've heard this season," said a veteran actor on the Thespian corner of Broadway, "was in Omaha a short time ago. There are a great many Swedes out there and they were getting up a celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the Order of the Sons of Sweden. A committee of the order called upon Gus Hege, who was playing there in 'Yon Yonson' at the time, and invited him to take part. They asked him incidentally what they'd better sing."

"Swede Violets," said Gus promptly.

—New York Herald.

A FORTUNATE THEFT.

A PATHETIC COURTROOM SCENE IN THE METROPOLIS.

Mother, Son, Daughter and Grandchild Make Up a Heartrending Sight—A Recognition That Brought Up Many Sad Recollections—A Brother's Love.

It was a veritable athlete of a baby. He had a careful for an audience that watched his antics with rapt attention. His round cheeks were nearly as red as the homely red hood enveloping his head. His dress was not much in the way of style, adornment or protection; his small toes were out of his red shoes, but he did not mind that; he rather liked it because of the freedom it gave him. He divided his time between looking around at the passengers and worrying his mother and grandmother, at intervals doing both at once as easily as one.

What was he on earth for? The blue eyes could find no answer in the passengers' faces.

His mother's eye pits were deep today and his fists fitted nicely into the cavities. He plied them vigorously for a moment. Then he pulled the mother's nose as if he would stretch it a little. He kicked at his mother and she smiled slightly. At this he uttered a scream and ran his fingers into his mouth. It was an unusual thing for grandmother to smile. She cannot remember ever paying smile before, it was so long ago since she had.

The mother looked thin—thin because she did not have enough to eat—and as if she hated all of the world save her baby. She did not mind the child's pounding. It was like striking herself in play. The little fellow was of her flesh, and had absorbed all of her strength. She cared not for her future if her baby could be provided for. She looked upon him as all her own. He was nothing of his father's. His father? They were going to see him.

"He's a smasher, ain't he?" the conductor said, stopping the car, and the least bit of pride showed itself in the mother's face as she descended the steps, the swing of the baby's weight throwing her almost prone upon the pavement.

They climbed the stairs, the three generations—child, mother, grandmother—into the courtroom. The judge was looking neither grave nor stern; he was looking commonplace; the case before him was one of everyday occurrence. The first witness was called—the plaintiff, John Whiteside. Whiteside had been relieved of some few dollars in money. He was a countryman when he came to town to sell his produce—four handed, law obeying, shrewd. A thief should be jailed forever; hanging was none too good for him, he thought. He had a straightforward tale. The mother of the accused sat looking fixedly at the man on the stand; the young mother and wife wept; the baby threw its arms around its mamma's neck and screamed.

The lawyer for the accused made an objection without confidence, which was denied, and he sat down dejectedly. He was young, and paid for taking up the case in the experience it was supposed to give him. Witnesses were called corroborating the plaintiff's testimony. The defense? There was none of any weight; the young lawyer had conjured what there was out of byplaces; the prisoner could ask only for leniency. The money had been used to buy drink with. Would the court be lenient? the lawyer asked.

The gray haired plaintiff evidently saw something familiar in the old woman with the young mother and child sitting in the row of spectators. He looked closely at the face hardened with suffering; little to connect it with its youth was to be seen. The old countryman rose and walked outside the railing to where she was sitting, his face whiter than his hair and his hands trembling.

"Aren't you Sue Whiteside?" he asked.

"I was—once."

"You ran away from home to be married to a young New York feller?"

"Yes." She shuddered. She felt the clear eyes of the old man upon her. What was coming next? He knew about her history! She tried to cover her rags. Pride did not last long, while the man continued to look at her narrowly and mystified. What was the use of covering? She was low down forever now. Her life would have soon run its stretch.

"Don't you know me? I am your brother."

"John, John!" She drew away from him.

"Why didn't you write to us?"

"I was ashamed. I had nothing to tell only misery!"

"You killed your mother. She never smiled after that night."

"Let me go. No, no; save my boy. He is the only support we have."

"Since it is your first offense, and I hope, your last one, I will be lenient," the judge was saying.

"Your honor, sir." The old man stood again within the rail. "There was a little misunderstanding. This boy is my nephew. I'll take him away from the city. I withdraw my charge, and I wish you would let him go free, your honor."

"I will!"

The accused put on his derby hat and slouched over where the little knot of relatives was gathered. He looked at his child, its mother and grandmother.

"The kid's getting fat. Ain't he, Mary?"

"Now you are all goin' back home with me!"

"Home? Never, never!" The fallen sister started to go, drawing the thin shawl about her shoulders.

"I do not live in Painsville now, Susan. I am in the west. No one will know you out there."

A sigh of relief, content, happiness issued from the grandmother's lips. The weary woman felt the baby to be lighter on her knee. The child crowded as if he thought the west the best kind of a place for a growing baby.

"I don't like to leave old New York for the country," said the young man.

"There's nothing going on out there. Mebbe 'twill be easier sleddin'. Say, old man, you got five cents about you? I ain't had a drink for three days—"

—New York Herald.

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PAYING A DEBT OF KINDNESS.

An Indian Brave Who Never Forgot the Mercy Shown His Band.

About the middle of this century there was a terrible uprising among the Yucatan Indians. For a time they were able to wreak vengeance on their white conquerors, and their ferocity and cruelty were horrible. Even so dark a page of history as this, however, is not without its story of kindness and mercy between enemies. The town of Peto was so situated in the Indian territory that it was taken by the Indians and recaptured by the whites many times. Once, when it was in the hands of its rightful owners, a number of Indian prisoners were held.

Less cruel than the savages, the whites killed only in battle; they allowed their prisoners to live. But provisions became more and more scarce, and the Indians were left to die of hunger. One day Don Marcos Duarte, a wealthy inhabitant of the town, was passing the house where the Indians were and stopped, shocked at the sight of a miserable, emaciated creature.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am eating my shoes, as you see," was the reply. "I am starving to death. For twelve days we have had almost no food. Most of my companions are dead and the days of the rest are numbered."

Don Marcos looked at the miserable survivors and said, "You and they shall live," and he sent them food every day and finally procured their freedom. Whatever were the rights of the question between Indians and whites in this case, human pity spoke first in his heart.

Some time later Peto was captured by the Indians, and the inhabitants were massacred. Don Marcos, with his wife and children, awaited death on their knees in prayer. They heard a party of savages approaching the house, and felt that the end had come.

The head of the band, however, stationed sentinels around the house and gave this order, "Not a hair of the head of this man or his family is to be touched, on pain of death."

The family of Duarte was the only one that was spared. The Indian who had inspired the pity of Don Marcos was paying his debt.

Twenty years afterward in a successful uprising the Indians sacked a number of villages and country houses. They retreated loaded with spoil and dragging with them many household servants, of whom they intended to make slaves. The chief of the expedition asked one of them what was the name of his master.

"Don Marcos Duarte," he replied.

The chief immediately called a halt. "How many men belong to Don Marcos?" he asked.

"Twenty-four," replied the man to whom he had spoken.

"Name them," said the chief.

Having collected the twenty-four men, he returned to them the spoil which had come from the Duarte house and said, "Go home, friends; you are free." It was the Indian once more paying his debt.—Youth's Companion.

Why She Reads the Last Chapter First.

"Of course I always read the last chapter of a novel first," admitted a young woman, "and I think it a very sensible plan. But I read such books in two different ways. I confess I read some trash. When I get a novel that I consider in this class I read the last chapter first. Then I read the next to the last chapter, and so on until I finish the first chapter. I find that the only way in which to enjoy such books. If I read it straight through from the beginning I would never be in doubt as to the ending. I have read so much of this light literature that I can always tell pretty well on reading the first chapter or two what the outcome of it will be."

"On the other hand, if I begin at the end my curiosity is aroused to a lively pitch. Here I have the unraveling of misunderstandings and the restoration to happiness of all the worthy people in the book. But I cannot tell how the doubts and differences came about. One can anticipate the close of such a novel near its beginning, but not its beginning near its close. So I read the chapters in reversed order with continued pleasure." —New York Tribune.

Only a Score of White Rhinoceroses.

From a letter addressed to that renowned sportsman, Mr. Selous, it appears that that curious and rare animal, the white rhinoceros, has not yet gone the way of the dodo and the great bustard, though some have ventured to give Mr. Selous' authority for saying that he is extinct. It is to the occupation of northern Mashonaland, which has kept the native hunters to the west of the Umwati river, that this gentleman attributes the fact that in this part a few specimens still survive the constant persecution which in less than twenty years has utterly exterminated them in every other portion of south central Africa. "There may yet," Mr. Selous adds, "be ten or even twenty of these animals left, but certainly not more, I think, than the latter number." —London News.

Where Crocodiles Are Found.

Crocodiles are found in Africa, Asia, the tropical parts of Australia, Central America and the West Indies, while the alligators, with the exception of one species discovered some few years since in China, are found only in America. They are all of them terribly destructive creatures. The young feed principally on fish, but as they grow larger they attack every animal that they can overcome, dragging their prey into the water and so drowning it. It has been said that more people are killed by crocodiles than by any other of the wild beasts of Africa. —London Saturday Review.

Worms That Are Good to Eat.

The earthworms of Cape Colony, South Africa, specimens of which may be seen in any well regulated American college museum, have a maximum length of 5 feet 5 inches and are thick accordingly. When Mr. Meier and the other Dutch explorers first visited the Good Hope region these slimy creatures were a regular article of diet.—St. Louis Republic.

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—New York Herald.

Persuaded to Work.

While in Cajamarca in the Cordilleras I was sitting with my hosts one evening at the door of their house. Suddenly there was a great noise in the quiet street, and a horseman rode up. It was a friend of the family, who was on his way to settle an account with a troublesome debtor. When he hinted that a creditor would hardly be ordinarily received at such an hour, he touched something hanging on theommel of his saddle, and said that he had something there which would settle the matter.

His debtor was an Indian who lived not far away in the country, and who had promised to make for him 300 or 400 large adobe bricks in payment for some small wares which he had purchased two years before. He seemed perfectly willing to fulfill his contract, and whenever he was reminded of it would promise to be on hand the next day; but he never appeared.

The merchant was repairing his house, and according to the custom of the country had taken the law into his own hands. An hour after he left us he returned, calling out triumphantly, "Well, I have my man, you see."

His lasso was unrolled. One end was tied to his saddle; the other was fastened about the wrists of an Indian. I shall never forget the captive's impassive face. His strong features, framed in long locks of hair, expressed neither anger nor astonishment—only philosophical submission to fate. The next day at dawn I saw him cheerfully at work with the air of a man who was glad to pay his debts.

Curiously enough, when some time later another man wished to engage his services he declined the offer. He liked his employer and his work and had no desire to better his condition.—Marcel Monnier.

Death to the Horses.

It is a white and dreary plain. There is a line of straggling gum trees beside a feeble water course.

Six wild horses—brombies, as they are called—have been driven down, corralled and caught. They have fed on the leaves of the myall and stray bits of salt bush. After a time they are got within the traces.

They are all young and they look not so bad. We start. They can scarcely be held in for the first few miles. Then they begin to soak in perspiration. Another five miles and they look drawn about the flanks, and what we thought was flesh is dripping from them.

Another five, and the flesh has gone. The ribs show, the shoulders protrude. Look! A poler's heels are knocking against the whiffletree. It is twenty miles now. There is a gulp in your throat as you see a wreck stagger out of the traces and stumble over the plain, head near the ground and death upon its back. There is no water in that direction, worn out creature.

It comes upon you like a sudden blow. These horses are being driven to death. And why? Because it is cheaper to kill them on this stage of thirty miles than to feed them with chaff at \$250 a ton.

And now another ways. Look at the throbbing sides, the quivering limbs. He falls.

"Driver, for heaven's sake, can't you see?"

"I do; so help me God, I do. But we've got to get there. I'll let them out at another mile."

And you are an Anglo-Saxon, and this is a Christian land.—"Round the Compass in Australia."

Effectuated a Compromise.

In a certain Maine town lives a man who for many years has been engaged in the grocery business, but receiving a good offer he sold out to a younger man and retired to private life. But the ruling passion was too strong to let him long be idle, so he commenced building a store on his land, which adjoined that of the Methodist church. For a time everything went harmoniously and the new store neared a state of completion. But just at this point up came one of the trustees of the church and said, "Your store sets over on our land one foot and it will have to be moved." This rather staggered the prospective grocer, and he retired to ponder over the question and study the deeds of his land and test the measurements.

In doing this he discovered that the back of the church rested over on his side of the line three feet. Armed with this new argument he said to the church owners, "If you will move your church three feet I will move my store one." This view of the case was a new one to the church authorities, but recognizing its force they made all haste to effect a compromise.—Lewiston Journal.

Not the Weaker Sex.

To refer to women as the weaker sex, a German scientist says, is surely a mistake, for they have always known how to preserve their dominion over the so-called stronger sex. Men are indeed women's most obedient slaves. Solomon said his wives were bitter than death, and surely there never was a greater slave to woman. Statistics show that seven wives survive every ten famous men. Heloise survived the loss of her beloved Abelard twenty-two years, and similarly the wife of Washington, though she declared she could never get over the death of her husband, outlived him thirty years.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Buried Wealth in France.

In Normandy the English conquest in the fifteenth century, followed by their ultimate expulsion, has given rise to many traditions of buried treasure, which the least superstitious attribute to the English. Throughout France the Revolution, without doubt, gave occasion to many secret hoards, the owners of which may well have perished in the massacres and proscriptions of the Reign of Terror.—All the Year Round.

Ancient and Modern Fashions.

Dr. Julien Chaboud says that there are engraved stones and monuments in the British museum which prove that the present fashion, both in dress and head-gear, is almost identical with that of the women of Babylon at about the time of the flood.—St. Louis Republic.

Allington Locals.

Continued from 1st page.

—Heads of departments are now busy with reports which must shortly be placed in the hands of the printer.

—On Monday Post 36 displayed the flag at half-mast in honor of the memory of comrade Gen. Butler, whose funeral took place in Lowell on that date.

—The eighteenth reunion of the Alumni Association of graduates of Cotting High school occurs Tuesday evening next, in Town Hall.

—There will be an oyster supper and entertainment, Feb. 8th, under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Mission Circle of the Pleasant Street Congregational church.

—There are about 500 people who have not as yet paid their subscriptions to the ADVOCATE. The publisher could make good use of the money if it was handed in next week.

—The flag was displayed on Grand Army Hall flag-staff at half mast, on Monday, in honor of Gen. Butler, who was buried on that day.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l B. Dean returned to Europe on Monday on the German Lloyd Line, after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends in this town and locality.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, with their son Nelson, start for Florida today. The journey is undertaken mainly for the benefit of the young man's health.

—It is strictly an American remedy; home-made and without any foreign flavor, we refer to Salvation Oil. The greatest cure on earth for pain.

—The following set of resolutions have been forwarded to G. A. R. Post 119, in recognition of the recent presentation to Lexington's three Color Guards:—

Whereas, Post 119, G. A. R., having conceived the idea of the formation of Color Guards in the schools of Lexington, has supplemented that idea with the presentation to said Guards of suitable regalia,
Resolved, That we, members of said Color Guards, thoroughly appreciate the honor conferred upon us, first in the formation of the Guards and second by the presentation to us of suitable uniforms, and hereby express our resolve to be worthy of the honor conferred upon us and our hope that we may earnestly emulate the example of the "Boys in Blue".
Resolved, That we hereby express our thanks to W. H. C. No. 97, who gave the financial assistance necessary.
Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be printed in the LEXINGTON MINUTE MAN and be forwarded to Post 119 and W. H. C. No. 97.

Signed
HOWARD NICHOLS,
High school sergt.
LOUIS L. CRONE,
Hancock school sergt.
EDWARD G. WHEATON,
Adams school sergt.

The formation of the Color Guard was Commander Darling's idea, which he formed in the hope that it might bring the children, and through them the community, into closer and more intimate relations with the Post and Corps and the patriotic principles they represented. This meeting practically closed the two years of Commander Darling's administration, and in that time he has shown that although our post is few in numbers, it can and has done as good work, and in many cases better, than larger Posts, as has been shown by the Dept. Insp. reports, and we are confident this good work will be continued under Commander-elect Kauffmann, who is to be installed next week.

—Friday evening, January 13, in Hunt Hall, was held the annual meeting of the Baptist Church Corporation. Routine business was transacted and officers chosen to serve the ensuing year as follows:—

Clerk and Treas.—Geo. F. Meade.
Standing Com.—Rev. A. E. Woodsum, Geo. F. Meade, Geo. T. Norris, C. P. Ashley, Dr. Geo. A. Raymond.

Prudential Com.—Dea. A. F. Fessenden, Dea. I. J. Whittier, Geo. Roberts, John McPhee.

A committee was chosen at this time to have the matter of collecting subscriptions for the church in charge during the year. The minor officers of the church and society are appointed by the officers of the Corporation. The officers of the Sunday school have been selected as follows:—

Supr.—C. P. Ashley.
Asst. Supr.—A. S. Chatfield.
Sec.—Miss Emily Ferguson.
Treas.—Geo. F. Meade.
Librarian.—Walter Wilkins.

—The Monday Club met with Mrs. B. F. Brown, at her residence on Hancock street, Monday afternoon. More than usual interest was attached to the meeting from the fact that several of the ladies of the Club read papers occupying ten minutes' time or more, the general purport of them being a comparison of the Assyro-Chaldean art and architecture with that of the Egyptians. This meeting completing the study of the achievements in this line of these ancient peoples, the Club at its next lesson will commence the study of the art and architecture of Persia.

—Comrade A. A. Sherman is slowly recovering from the result of a severe operation performed on him at the Mass. Gen. Hospital which has proved a success and saved his life. Mr. Sherman received an injury to his side while serving in the war of the rebellion thirty years ago, the nature of which has always caused him more or less trouble since. He was violently thrown from his horse and fell on his side on one of those Southern rail fences.

—The weekly prayer meeting of the women of Hancock church, was held Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. J. H. Prescott.

LEXINGTON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

—New prints in desirable patterns, at Tucker's.

—How about our hydrants—are they all right in case of fire?

—H. G. Locke attended the funeral of Gen. Butler, which took place at Lowell, on Monday.

—The Relief Corps held their regular fortnightly meeting in G. A. R. hall, on Tuesday afternoon.

—We are informed that Mr. E. I. Garfield has sold his residence on Main St., to Rev. Irving Meredith. It is understood that Mr. Garfield will build a new and attractive residence in the spring.

—An account of the fire on Collector Beard's estate will be found elsewhere. It was rather curious that no alarm was sounded in Lexington, the Arlington fire department being called to the rescue.

—At the Guild meeting in the vestry of the Unitarian church, on Sunday evening, Miss Grozier read a paper of much merit. The young people took part in the exercises more generally than usual.

—Those people who have been longing for an old fashioned winter ought to be fully satisfied with the weather of the past few weeks. There are others who are satiated with it and could bear with a good grace a change.

—John S. Spaulding will move his boot and shoe business into the store vacated by Cyrus Royce, in post office block. He will take possession on February 1st. This store will give him more spacious quarters for his growing business.

—The opening of the new dry goods store in Hunt Building, with A. M. Tucker as proprietor, was a gratifying success. The store was visited by many friends and patrons of the town and vicinity, and there was evidently a feeling of gratification that another business enterprise had been added to those already flourishing here.

—Lexington was represented at the banquet given at the Revere House, Boston, on Wednesday evening, by Messrs. Leonard A. Saville, R. W. Holbrook and Miss Holbrook. The occasion was the banquet and reunion given in honor of the ladies by the New England Ass'n of California Pioneers of '49.

—The local Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its monthly meeting in the Keeler Inst. parlor, on Friday afternoon, Jan. 13. Already they have inaugurated a system of practical rescue work and exerting in a legitimate and womanly way their influence and efforts in the cause for the uplifting of fallen humanity. This work is broad enough certainly to include all sects and classes and doubtless Lexington will be to the front in this as in all other good works.

—While driving in Somerville on Tuesday afternoon of this week, S. Meek, of Lexington, met with quite a serious smashup, by trying to turn a corner too abruptly, causing the sleigh to collide with the curbstone. His companion, Chas. Harris, of East Lexington, was thrown with considerable force from the sleigh, sustaining a painful wrench to one side and shoulder. Meek clung to the reins and thus retained control of the horse, but the sleigh was badly broken, and the accident proved a serious one to W. F. Sim, who owned the turnout.

—Last evening, Thursday, Jan. 19, a large delegation from Independence Lodge visited the Concord branch of the A. O. U. W., closing thither by means of Walcott's, going barges. The Concord lodge held their installation on that evening and paid the friendly wage made between them and the Independence Lodge. It was to the effect that the lodge which should secure the larger number of new members for the current year, should be given a supper in honor of the championship. Lexington carried off the palm and last evening Concord paid the wage in royal style, furnishing a supper which was "tip-top" and an evening full of enjoyment for the "Workmen."

—After a long season of feebleness and at the end of a severe paralytic stroke, Mrs. Sarah A., the widow of the late Charles A. Butters, passed away at her home on Main street, on Sunday, January 15th, aged almost eighty-three years. Mrs. Butters survived her husband almost three years, his death having occurred at Lexington, on Feb. 21, 1890. Miss Butters has had the care of her mother all through these years of feebleness, who has been fortunate in having about her children and friends to show her all love and attention. Mr. Frank V. Butters, her son, lives in the house adjoining the homestead. The funeral took place at her late home, on Wednesday, at half-past two, the services being conducted by her pastor, the Rev. Carlton A. Staples, of the Unitarian church. The burial was at Lexington.

—Miss Rose Tucker entertained the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society of Hancock church, at her home on Monument street, on Tuesday evening. The company numbered about forty young people and the occasion was a success in every respect. A unique entertainment was afforded by disposing of the ladies at "auction," to the gentlemen who thus secured their partners for the supper hour. The man bidding the

highest on each lady secured first choice. Each lady was disguised by being enveloped in a sheet, and it can be readily realized that the bidding produced no end of amusement. J. P. Prince, Esq., was indispensable as auctioneer and he was so successful in running up the bids on his valuable stock that eleven dollars resulted from the auction which will go toward the building fund of the new church. Supper was served at ten o'clock in the dining room, which was heartily enjoyed, after which the remainder of the evening passed in an informal and social manner.

—Last Saturday evening three kindred organizations united in a joint celebration and dinner at the Russell House, the event proving one of the most important and enjoyable of the season. The gentlemen interested in the affair are members of three financial organizations known as "Lexington Associates," an incorporated body, the "Lexington Club" and the "East Lexington Finance Club." These clubs number from twenty to twenty-five members, and the invited guests numbered about the same, so that a company of fully one hundred gentlemen gathered about the handsomely spread tables set in his dining room by landlord Russell at the hour set for dinner. Prior to the dinner there had been a social hour in the parlors, the most important feature of which was the presentation of a handsome ebony gavel, with silver plate appropriately engraved, to the East Lexington Club, by Mr. J. F. Hutchinson, president of the senior Club. The dinner was excellent in quality and was therefore thoroughly enjoyed. The good things being disposed of, the new gavel was brought into use by Mr. Hutchinson, who acted in the capacity of toastmaster, to call to order, and he then introduced the "East Lexington Male Quartette," who gave "Don't you hear them bells" with fine effect, and responded to the encore with another equally pleasing number. The speaking of the evening was interspersed with music by them, each number eliciting hearty applause. After the singing Mr. Hutchinson greeted his "fellow members and financiers of Lexington" in a happy manner. He was a strong advocate of inaugurating this fraternal gathering and was gratified at the success of the affair, because it was a full warrant for all he had done. Mr. Alfred Pierce, president of the East Lexington Club, was introduced as the first speaker, and his outline of the formation of the first Club in 1883, its founders in State street, and the final landing on a firm basis was heartily enjoyed, not more by those who had had no part in it than those who had escaped pocketing losses. The story of the application for and the final receipt of a charter for the Club, under which it is now working, was pleasantly told. Mr. Pierce then took up the history of the other clubs, as follows:—

"A few years ago a number of young men of Lexington, realizing the advantages of the Lexington Associates, formed a similar club known as the 'Lexington Club,' and within a year a club of the same kind, known as the 'East Lexington Finance Club,' has been organized. As a member of the East Lexington Club I can assure the Lexington Associates that the experience of the first few years of your Club has kept us away from State street. Thus we have three distinct organizations numbering more than sixty members, representing nearly every manufacturing, wholesale and retail industry in Massachusetts—boot and shoe manufacturers, wholesale and retail clothing, wholesale and retail dry goods, furnishing goods, small wares, rubber goods, produce, groceries, plumbers' supplies, milk, wool, real estate, furniture, electric appliances, paper manufacturers, insurance and railroad men, bankers and brokers, farmers, and undoubtedly trades that I have not mentioned, including also legal talent, a physician and a clergyman,—so we are pretty well guarded. Now the point I am coming to is this: What a great influence sixty or more young men can have in the welfare of the town of Lexington if their energies are turned in the right directions! We can bring industries here and make a manufacturing town, or we can make a suburban town for residence second to none in Massachusetts. Which shall it be, a manufacturing town or a second Brookline? This is a question we might consider. How shall we go to work? Cannot the finance clubs in this town, representing so many lines of business, professions and employments, act as a board of trade in Lexington? Can we not have a representative on the Board of Selectmen, Assessors and Board of Health? Should we need better railroad facilities, let the finance clubs stand ready with able men to confer with the B. & M. R. R., who are always looking for more business. Gentlemen, the West End R. R. has just been granted the privilege of extending their tracks to Arlington Heights. It will not be many years before Mr. Whitney will ask the town of Lexington to grant the privilege of extending the West End tracks to Lexington Common. Will it be an improvement to real estate and the general welfare of the town to allow this extension? This is a question that will have to be met fairly and squarely, sooner or later. Cannot this organization be ready to meet it? A National Bank will be needed, and can be supported in this town sooner or later. We can take good care of that when it is needed. Gentlemen, we do not know what the future will bring us; what opportunities for making money; what important questions may come before the town; but what we can have is an organization to meet any question or any scheme that may present itself."

Mr. H. G. Locke was next introduced and made a pleasant allusion to his introduction as the 19th of April leader. The suggestion of Governor Russell that that historic date be a legal holiday instead of the old "Fast Day," showed the position Lexington occupied historically. To guard this town and its interests citizens ought to be more willing to attend town meetings and caucuses. These clubs were competent to the task of putting the town right on all the matters alluded to by Mr. Pierce.

—The installation of the elected officers of Geo. G. Meade Post 119, and the Woman's Relief Corps No. 97, was postponed from Thursday evening of this week, to Wednesday, Jan. 23. It will take place at headquarters, of Post 119, Arlington, is expected to officiate as installing officer, while his wife, Mrs. Violet Durgin of Corps 48, will install the officers of the Corps.

—Susan S. Fessenden, of Boston, a lady conspicuous in the Christian Temperance work, will address the ladies of Lexington on the subject of temperance work, in the parlor of the Keeler Institute, on Tuesday, Jan. 24, at half-past two. A general invitation to the ladies of the town to be present is cordially extended.

—One of these pleasant and profitable monthly events known as the Thimble Party, took place at the residence of Mrs. Frank D. Brown, on Hancock street, on Thursday, from eleven, a. m., to three, p. m. The ladies are preparing for a sale for the benefit of Hancock church, to take place in the spring. A pleasant and social feature of the gathering was the lunch served at noon.

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Rev. George W. Cooke, of East Lexington, said that while the history of the 19th of April was great, the history of to-day was greater. A man cannot if he would live to himself alone. Whether he is aware of it or not the fact remains that most he is able to do comes through his association with other men. For this reason individuals and associations should not accumulate for self alone, but to be able to enlarge the scope of their usefulness. This recognition of our social obligations to others is the duty of the day, and organizations like these have an important part in inculcating these lessons.

President Hutchinson then introduced in flattering words the publisher of the LEXINGTON MINUTE-MAN, taking occasion to speak in praise of the editorial, news and mechanical departments of that paper as highly creditable. He also took occasion to urge upon his associates a more generous support. Mr. Parker thanked the President in behalf of Mr. Edgar D. Parker, who for several years has had entire control of the news department and who is entitled to all the words of praise spoken. In this connection the publisher would say that as fast and as far as the people of Lexington have backed the paper by increased patronage the paper has received every dollar of it.

A letter of regret at unavoidable absence was read from R. P. Clapp, Esq., and then Mr. Wallace B. Webber, of Bedford, was introduced. Mr. Webber, from the standpoint of a broker, defended the trading in stocks, urging that the same qualities which make real estate transactions safe and profitable will bring success to the trader in State street. To deal in stocks one must have capital, nerve and patience,—especially the latter,—and with these success is sure.

Mr. George H. Brown had only a few words to say in acknowledgment of the courtesy shown in calling on him, and gave way to Rev. Irving Meredith, who made a ringing speech, full of bright hits.

Mr. Harry Davis, who was mainly instrumental in starting the first finance club, spoke briefly of the enterprise, as did also Mr. Geo. W. Sampson in advocacy of a new depot and other needed improvements, and Mr. L. E. Bennink discussed Lexington's water supply and pointed out future needs. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. J. F. Hutchinson and his associates on the committee of arrangements for this happily conceived and finely carried out first annual.

The following is a full list of the clubs represented; also the guests present:—

THE LEXINGTON ASSOCIATES.
J. F. Hutchinson, pres.
J. A. Howie, vice-pres.
J. N. Allen
F. H. Locke
G. S. Mansfield
J. W. Chambers
E. M. Mulliken
E. T. Harrington
F. H. Reed
A. E. Tilson
C. A. Currier
R. F. Clapp
F. L. Tuley
Chas. H. Butterfield
A. M. Tucker
Alfred Pierce
J. F. Russell
Geo. H. Whiting
Fred G. Davis
Chas. B. Davis

THE LEXINGTON CLUB.
J. F. Turner, pres.
H. G. Locke, vice-pres.
J. D. Brown
C. E. Dale
H. E. Damon
G. C. Goodwin
E. K. Houghdon
H. L. Houghdon
E. M. Mulliken
W. W. Reed
J. F. Russell
Z. Sears Jr.
F. F. Burrage
J. T. Fildes
J. F. Hutchinson
H. A. Houghton
John Turner
J. F. Russell
G. I. Gilmore
A. M. Redman

THE EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.
Alfred Pierce, pres.
Frank S. Adams
E. L. Garmon
F. L. Tuley, vice-pres.
G. Carlton Worthen
Fred B. Fletcher
Chas. H. Spaulding
L. E. Whitcomb
H. L. Eaton
E. G. Kaufmann
Frank H. Locke
E. B. Lombard
J. D. Johnson
Peter T. Gilhooly
Edw. T. Harrington
R. F. Clapp
F. L. Tuley
Roy F. Frizzle
A. S. Tyler
Wm. G. Mead
John F. Maynard
Chas. F. Nunn
James F. Munroe
C. G. Kauffmann
Arthur H. Jewett

INVITED GUESTS.
N. L. Chaffin
Chas. S. Parker
Geo. W. Sampson
Harry P. Bradford
E. M. Mulliken
H. Eugene Tuttle
T. P. Robinson
Geo. O. Davis
Geo. S. Burton
Stephen D. Adams
Clarence Wilbur
Frank Sumner
H. L. Wellington
W. G. Webber
C. H. Wiswell
A. S. Butterfield
Rev. Irving B. Meredith
R. S. Spaulding
A. M. Black
Geo. E. Worthen
C. F. Snelling
E. S. Bowman
Geo. F. Mead
Geo. H. Streeter
H. W. Davis
L. E. Bennink.

—Why It Is Discredited.
A petition written to parliament in 1648 has, it is said, been discovered in Maine. It is written in ink on hand-made paper, and the sheets are fastened together with a brass pin. That an enthusiast with a completed petition should have omitted to present it is the only thing that throws doubt on the story.—New York Sun.

—Tidies Again.
"I heard the dreadful word 'tidy,' " said a woman a day or two ago, "and a saleswoman at an art counter showed me a collection of ribbon wheels, lace trimmed, which she said were intended as such chair trimmings. Does this mean a return to millinery on our chair backs, I wonder?"—New York Times.

The largest electric locomotive yet built has been finished at Baden, Zurich. It is believed that it will show extraordinary speed, as it is gauged so as to develop not less than 2,000 horsepower.

On a clear night a red light can be seen at a greater distance, it is said, than a white light, while on a dark night, it is claimed, the result is just the reverse.

There are 300,000 domestic servants in London. That is to say, about six to every policeman. We really must increase the force, suggests a writer.

The intensity of the mind's emotions is often greater when the troubles are small, so curious is the mental state of those bordering on aberration.

Both Greek and Roman writers noted the fact, for while, as white heat, for red, the flame of an emotion.

AN EASTERN BEAUTY.

Then, on a sudden, came a maid With tambourine to dance for us— 'Alah! alah! it was she, The girl we called the Begonia That Yusuf purchased recently.

Long narrow eyes, as black as black!
And melting, like the stars in June;
Tresses of night drawn smoothly back.
From eyebrows like the crescent moon.
She paused an instant with bowed head,
Then, at a motion of her wrist
A veil of gossamer outspread
And wrapt her in a silver mist.
Her tunic was of Tiflis green
Shot through with many a starry speck:
The zone that clasped it might have been
A collar for a cynnet's neck.
None of the twenty charms she lacked
Demanded for perfection's grace:
Charm upon charm in her was packed
Like rose leaves in a costly vase.
Full in the lanterns' colored light
She seemed a thing of paradise.
I knew not if I saw aright,
Or if my vision told me lies.
Those lanterns spread a cheating glare:
Such stains they threw from bough to vine
As if the slave boys here and there
Had split a jar of brilliant wine.
And then the fountain's drowsy fall,
The burning aloes' heavy scent,
The night, the place, the hour—they all
Were full of subtle blandishment.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Harper's.

The Revival of Cities.

The revival of such cities as Athens and Damascus can be explained by the unrivaled advantage of their location, an advantage which has also more than once proved the salvation of Constantinople. The fire service of the Turkish capital is a century behind the average of the times, and in the southern suburbs there are miles of streets lined with nothing but wooden houses, but the aristocratic quarters in their present condition are really almost fireproof. The palaces of the Turkish grandees are built almost exclusively of stone, the very floors consisting of a mosaic of variegated marble, while an abundance of water is supplied by indoor baths and fountains, but in addition to all that they are surrounded by acres of evergreen shrubs, which in their turn are inclosed by massive stone walls.

A single establishment of that sort—and their number runs up in the hundred—could stand unscathed in the midst of flaming streets, and old Stamboul may in the same way survive a bombardment of the predicted Russian invasion. Its site at all events would insure its resurrection.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Using Up the Earth's Stores.

The death of the earth and sun must both come, and with their death the end of all life upon this earth, but the human race of today is taking care that it shall cease to exist millions of years before this shall come to pass.

So rapidly have two kinds of accumulated earth stores—petroleum and natural gas—been exhausted in America that within one generation alone stores which were millions of years accumulating will have been almost wholly exhausted. And all this time population increases so fast that at the rate of growth during the last twenty years the inhabitants of Great Britain in 189 years' time will number more than 800,000,000, if indeed it were not practically an impossibility for them to exist with only six square feet of earth surface apiece to live on.—Westminster Review.

Enthusiasm Showing Women.

The enthusiasm shown in registering by women of Wyoming in qualification for the presidential election was a complete refutation of the hackneyed charge that "the sex" do not appreciate nor generally care for the privilege of suffrage. Not only were the wives of prominent citizens registered—they went further by instructing their help in things political and insuring their registering as well. Whenever it has been made worth while to them the women have seldom, if ever, failed to show how real is their interest in the use of the ballot.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

An English Woman's Clothes.

The clothes of English women! In one of the new London plays Miss Ailsa Craig, Ellen Terry's daughter, appears as the typical strong minded English woman abroad in violet and black striped satin, over which is a black and white mackintosh made of the same material as the ordinary sponge bag, a crocheted lace fichu adorned with a cameo brooch, and, to finish the masterpiece, side spring boots and mittens!—New York Tribune.

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